

# Light:



*A Journal of Psychical, Occult, and Mystical Research.*

"LIGHT! MORE LIGHT!"—Goethe.

"WHATSOEVER DOETH MAKE MANIFEST IS LIGHT!"—Paul.

No. 1,860.—VOL. XXXVI. [Registered as] SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1916. [a Newspaper.] PRICE TWOPENCE.  
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40. Can a fallen priesthood teach of the Fatherhood of Angels and Men, and of His wisdom who guides all worlds, globes, suns, moons, stars, heavens, and heaven of heavens, and who in this earth school (and only but one of His many schools) grows His corn, fruits, grass and trees, and feeds His creature, beast, bird and fish out of the hollow of His hand? For know, O ye sons of men, that our Father is not man or angel.

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## NOTES BY THE WAY.

It has long been our conviction that some of the most striking and evidential examples of psychic experience never get into print. We have always maintained that the published records represent but a fraction of the cases. There are several reasons for this. To mention but one, there is the reticence of many persons who could tell strange stories. It is a reticence quite natural and worthy of respect—they regard their experiences as sacred, not lightly to be talked of, and only in rare moments of self-expression can they be induced to speak, and then only when they can be sure that their confidence will not be betrayed. They may be "drawn" on other subjects but not on this. We have heard remarkable experiences which we would dearly have liked to make public—but they were given under the seal of secrecy. It may be worth mentioning that a few of these communications related to Mr. Wilson's Psychic Telegraph. But amongst them were "ghost stories," cases of premonition, of interposition in troubled lives to smooth out difficulties, to preserve or protect from danger. The cases would have borne every investigation could we have published the names and other particulars. But as this was forbidden we have reluctantly had to allow them to go unrecorded.

\* \* \* \*

Knowing the inducements to silence in matters that involve self-revelation in psychic directions, we have felt grateful to those who have sacrificed their personal feelings by revealing passages in their own life-histories in order to strengthen the evidences for the reality of spirit agency. Even in these days, when the attitude towards the subject is sensibly changing, it requires no little courage to lift the veil of privacy, for there are always the "small and sickly eyes" that "glare and gloat," the minds that doubt and mock, as well as the souls that, reading and hearing these passages of self-revelation, are fortified and find renewal of faith and courage. We have lived long enough to observe that the experienced and thoughtful Spiritualist is usually the least credulous of mankind. He has become seasoned, and is often more insistent upon rigid proofs of any statement than the "hard-headed" individual who, having become convinced of the reality of our claims, at once abandons all his old standards of evidence and is ready to swallow anything. The "practical, business man" may imagine that his particular qualities gained in the commercial world give him a sort of *cachet* in regard to investigations in the supernormal. But it is in this subject as in all other subjects, the only title to authority comes of a

long and wide experience of the particular matter on which an authoritative opinion is required.

\* \* \* \*

The theory of N. G. S. concerning the production of the Direct Voice (p. 277) is worthy of careful attention, as being the opinion of a thoughtful student of the recorded phenomena. It is always far easier to do a thing than to explain to the satisfaction of the student of scientific mind just how it is accomplished. M. Jourdain, in Molière's play, gasped when he learned that he had been speaking prose all his life without knowing it. The mere movement of an arm or an eyelid, an action we perform unconsciously, entails a complex process of nerve and muscle activity which most of us, if challenged on the point, would be utterly unable to explain. It is a curious fact in connection with psychical activities that the unseen actors are sometimes quite innocent of any knowledge of the processes by which they produce their effects. Advanced spirits have many times explained the elaborate processes by which they entrance and control their mediums. But there are casual and sporadic instances of inexperienced communicators performing the miracle by what appears to be an accident. Once they have become conscious of what they have unwittingly achieved, they are unable to repeat the phenomenon without instruction and practice. It is probable that those effects which are produced in the physical world by spirit agency are produced in varying ways, and that on the question of the ultimate causes the discarnate man is as much in the dark as his incarnate brother. Doubtless there are theorists on both sides of the veil.

\* \* \* \*

The doctrine of reincarnation is denied even by some Oriental writers, and in the "Hindu Spiritual Magazine" it has several times been repudiated by native contributors. Doubtless that presentation of it which marks the teaching of some Western schools of Occultism is the materialisation of a spiritual idea, just as was the Western interpretation of Nirvana as a state of extinction, a conception which was not in accord with the truth. A Siamese writer gives the following explanation of Reincarnation:—

It is a silent and, in the majority of cases, unrecognised "teacher," or "influence" of spirit minds upon mortals, whereby the latter conceive and bring forth new-born ideas or manifest new characteristics which can be recognised as having belonged to another individual or a predecessor.

That accords with the teaching of many spirit communicators who have been asked how they—having no belief in or experience of reincarnation as a literal fact—explain the existence of the doctrine. When spiritual truths are made too literal they are apt to take ungainly forms. We have only to note some of the modern perversions of religious ideas to be convinced of the fact.

IN the best of painting we are at one with Nature, but in the best of music we are at one with God.—COLIN McALPIN, in "Hermaia."



## THE PROPHETS AND THE WAR.

## THE PROPHECY OF SAINT ODILE.

We receive the following from a correspondent in Paris. He is a French gentleman who has made some study of the literature of war-prophecy:—

I read an article by N. G. S. in *LIGHT* of August 12th, on "The Prophets and the War," and as the subject seems to be of wide interest, I beg to call your attention to the prophecy of Saint Odile, of which I have not noticed any mention in your paper. Odile, daughter of Aldairic, Duke of Alsatia, was born about 690 and died in 720, or thereabouts. According to history, she was born blind, was ill-treated by her father, and was brought up in a convent. She received her sight in a miraculous manner, lived a saintly life, and became founder and first abbess of the celebrated convent of Honnenburg, where she worked miracles. She was regularly beatified, her *fête* being celebrated on December 13th. It appears that she held a correspondence with her family, particularly with a favourite brother, and it is supposed that the remarkable prophecy she made formed a part of these letters. In speaking of the enemies of her country (Alsace) and their war-like nature she says that in the ages to come "twenty nations would be seen engaged in combat." Odile describes the long and bloody war, which she divides into three periods. The first is the victorious onslaught of the invaders—this part to last eighteen months. Then follows a second period of nine months' duration, when the enemy would be checked and his force diminished. The attackers would in their turn be attacked from all sides, and their country would be invaded everywhere. "Then they will cry for peace, in vain," but after this third short period their defeat will permit peace to reign again. For full details, see pamphlet lately published here by Geo. Stoffler, "Prophetie de Sainte Odile" (price 1fr.), which can be had through Librairie P. Leymarie, 42, Rue St. Jacques, Paris. The author says that the prediction was known in Germany, where the authorities forbade its publication, and also that his pamphlet was retarded by the Paris Censor "because it gave dates for the end of the war"—i.e., end of 1916.

It appears also that the well-known Italian priest, Dom Bosco, made a prediction, which was published in a Paris paper in June, 1901, and of which this is the substance:—

"In 1913-14, great European war. Germany will be completely torn to pieces, but before this, the Germans will penetrate into the heart of France, whence they will be forced back to the banks of the Rhine. An arrogant man will see his family tree cut to splinters and trampled upon by all the world. Great battles in August-September. Death of Pope at that time. Suffering in Belgium, which country with Poland will rise again, and they will obtain their rights."

It would be interesting to find out how and when Dom Bosco made this prediction, and at all events it is to be remarked that it was published thirteen years before the war commenced.

The author of the life of Mary Stuart, and other works, l'abbé J. A. Petit, has published some remarkable communications which he affirms he received, through an illiterate peasant woman, from Jeanne d'Arc. This was in 1913. The coming war was described, the invasion of the Germans to the heart of France, their final defeat after long and bloody conflicts. (For the details see "La Revue Spirite" for July, 1914, 42, Rue St. Jacques, Paris). The abbé, in a letter to me, gave, at my request, the minute conditions under which these communications were obtained, with the circumstances tending to establish the real identity of the invisible; and recently in another letter he tells me about a séance with the same medium, where three French officers were present. In answer to their questions, this is what the abbé says was given concerning Verdun: All would be well, and soon the defensive would be changed to an offensive. That a general attack would take place, and that at every point the Allies would be victorious, that this would commence in June, and that in July and in August very bloody battles would be fought; that the English, in particular, would have to repel some furious attacks. Towards September the Italians would march on to Vienna, then the enemy would talk of peace, but nothing would be concluded. However, there would be no winter campaign, properly speaking, and peace would be signed in 1917.

JUST so far as the race surrenders the faith in immortality which has been its appanage from the beginning, it dwindles and withers—it feels that it can give no account of itself.—  
REV. R. F. HORTON.

## THE THEATRE OF THE SOUL.

A Russian author, M. Evreinof, who may be compared to our English Bernard Shaw in the character of his plays, has a startlingly vivid one-act play entitled, "The Theatre of the Soul," recently translated into English, which should be of interest to psychic students. (Henderson's, Charing Cross-road, 7d. net.)

We are all aware of the dreams which seem to take hours, but which, verified by our watches, have only occupied a few minutes, for in emotions time matters not. "We live in deeds, not years," and in this play the author brings a whole drama into the space of half a second.

Evreinof holds that the human soul manifests itself in that part of the physical breast which a man strikes when he wishes to emphasise his good faith, and depicts it as a large heart, with the beginning of the main artery showing, and a little system of nerves, pale in colour, and constantly agitated by vibration. The soul is represented as possessing three aspects—M 1, the Rational entity; M 2, the Emotional Self; and M 3, the Eternal Self. These three make up the entire personality, and constitute the great integral self.

The three entities bear a very close resemblance to each other, and all are dressed in black, but in different costumes. M 1 wears a frock coat, M 2 an artist's blouse and a red tie, M 3 a well-worn travelling dress. M 1 wears spectacles and has a quiet sober manner, his hair slightly grey and carefully brushed, M 2 is youthful, with lively gestures, a little exaggerated, hair untidy, and lips full and red. M 3 wears a black mask, and slumbers in the foreground, his bag under his arm, in the attitude of a traveller worn out by fatigue.

The scene opens with a quarrel proceeding between M 1 and M 2. M 1 reproaches M 2 for drinking brandy, which is overstraining the heart, and is decidedly against his judgment. He reproaches the emotional self—M 2—for his selfishness and libertinism, and calls him but a wreck of a man, who has never had a taste for anything noble or elevating. M 2 retorts that it is because of the dry-as-dust, pedantic, academic ways of the rational self—M 1—that he has taken to drink and evil living. As the quarrel proceeds the poor nerves are strung up to the highest pitch, which drives M 1 to frenzy, but pleases and excites M 2. M 1 gains the upper hand after a little by administering a sedative, and then they fall to discussing a woman by whom M 2 is immensely attracted, so much so that he purposes leaving his wife and children. He raves about her beauty and her divine form and voice, and a seductive image of her appears, summoned by his imagination. M 1 seeks to drive her away, and tries to show M 2 that she is not like that at all, that she has a painted face and false hair, and has no beauty either of form or voice, and as he speaks the first image of the woman fades and a second appears—an old hag, which M 2 in his turn denies as a false conception, and pushes away from him. M 1 then seeks, by summoning up a concept of the wife nursing a child and singing a lullaby, to win M 2 back to his allegiance, but M 2 declares this has no truth in it, but is vulgar, weak sentimentality; that there is no poetry in his wife—she is but the eternal housemaid. As he speaks, his concept of the wife appears, takes the place of the other, and shows a very ordinary and slovenly person who bitterly regrets that ever she married such a sot. He again summons his idea of the divine singer. The wife recognising her as the temptress, advances towards her in noble sorrow and in a menacing manner, imploring her to go away. She is supported in her appeal by Reason (M 1), but the singer mocks and laughs them to scorn, boasts of her beautiful limbs and form, and is loudly applauded by M 2. The wife and she close with one another, and struggle while the anguished heart palpitates noisily. The singer vanquishes the wife, who retreats weeping. M 1, losing control, boxes the singer's ears, and M 2 throws himself on M 1, strangles him, and leaves him dead. He then throws himself at the singer's feet, but she gaily refuses him, says it is all a joke, and that what she wants is money, not love. A vision of his wife nursing a child, looking sorrowfully at him, rises before him, and mad with despair he takes his life. M 3 here wakes up abruptly, and casts an uneasy glance round as a pistol shot is heard, and as the heart ceases



to beat and the lungs to respire, he trembles and stretches himself wearily. A porter carrying a lighted lantern enters, saying, "This is Everyone's Town. You have to get out here, sir. You change here." M3, assenting drowsily, puts on his hat, takes his bag and follows the porter; and so the play ends.

It is a curious but instructive little fantasy, a Russian variant of Stevenson's story of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.

ROADICRA.

#### "DEATH AND SPIRITUAL PROGRESS": A REPLY.

BY H. A. DALLAS.

The writer of the paper, "Death and Spiritual Progress," in *LIGHT* of August 19th (page 269), appeals to readers to seek for evidence on a great cosmic problem; but surely it is not possible to obtain *crucial evidence* on the point he raises—namely, whether it is possible that the future of some spirits may be irrevocably determined by their conduct in this life. Opinions on the Other Side may differ on this, as they do here; and even if obtained, they cannot be regarded as evidence. Assurance may be gained, but it must be based on our belief concerning the nature of God and man; the conclusions which we may draw from this belief cannot be called evidential, but they may suffice to establish conviction for those who hold these conclusions.

A friend raised this question in conversation lately, and said that "she believed that there are lost souls." I replied that there certainly are lost souls, we meet them on earth, but that I could not believe in the irrevocable loss of souls, because I could find no room for lost souls (finally lost souls) in the universe. If the universe is a manifestation of an all-pervading Spirit of Good—of God—how can a soul be ultimately lost? It is called lost whilst it is blind to its own relation to God, and uses its derived will-power in a manner alien to the will of the Eternal Source of its being; it is conceivable that such an experience may be educative, and however terrible the state may be, the misery involved may be worth while *because* of the "far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory" which will be achieved through this experience of spirits who choose amiss and learn by their mistaken choice. This, I say, is conceivable, but it is inconceivable that in a universe permeated and controlled by One Life—a Life who is Love and Wisdom and Righteousness—there can be any derived spirit for whom that Life is inaccessible, who is out of reach of Its influence, who remains for ever lost beyond hope of recovery.

This seems to me to be a contradiction in terms and unthinkable. I find, as I said, *no room* for such a being in a universe God-inhabited. Moreover, Christ taught that the Good Shepherd seeks the lost "until He finds." If words mean anything, this implies that He, who of all men has most fully manifested the Divine Love, was assured of its fidelity and persistence, and (as He is reported to have said by another evangelist) was "never despairing."

A God less loving and less purposeful than the God and Father of Jesus cannot be the universal object of faith and worship for mankind. We have been shown an ideal, and nothing less than this can satisfy us. We can no longer be happy in any Heaven, in any future state, whilst we believe that a single spirit with consciousness and will is finally lost beyond hope of recovery.

This splendid cosmic faith, this demand upon God, has been inspired in the race by the Spirit of God in Christ, and He is bound to fulfil the expectation He has awakened.

No stream can rise higher than its source, no derived spirit can conceive of an ideal greater or more noble than that which the will of God has eternally purposed.

These convictions appear to me to be logically involved in the one affirmation, "I believe in GOD."

"THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF HARRIET BEECHER STOWE" quotes a letter from the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" to George Eliot, in the course of which the writer says: "In regard to the subject of Spiritualism I am of the opinion that it is just as absurd to deny the facts of Spiritualism now as it was in the middle ages to ascribe them to the devil."

#### THE DYNAMISTOGRAPH.

Under the title of "Instrumental Communication with the 'Spirit World,'" Mr. Hereward Carrington in the August "Occult Review" describes an ingenious contrivance called the "Dynamistograph," taking (as he acknowledges) most of his information from "The Mystery of Death," a work published in Dutch in 1911, by the inventors of the instrument, Dr. J. L. W. P. Matla and Dr. G. J. Zaalberg van Zelst, of The Hague. In *LIGHT* of April 6th, 1912, we quoted from issues of "Le Fraterniste" some particulars (which we do not find in Mr. Carrington's article) with regard both to the circumstances which led up to the invention and to the character of the messages received. The circumstances referred to take us as far back as 1893, from which year onward Messrs. J. J. Zaalberg van Zelst, senior, G. J. Zaalberg van Zelst, junior, and J. L. W. P. Matla engaged jointly in the close study of Spiritualism and its phenomena. They promised each other that the one to die first should do his utmost to give physical proofs of his survival after death. Mr. Zaalberg van Zelst, senior, passed over in July, 1903, and since then the two surviving investigators made every effort to solve the great problem. After weary months of waiting they at last came in touch with their late coadjutor—the friend of one of them and father of the other—and under his guidance and advice they constructed the above-named instrument, by means of which (so they affirmed) they received from him, without the aid of a medium, much valuable information about the future life, information hitherto unknown to science. And here we come to the unsatisfactory part of the business—viz., the very extraordinary character of some of these supposed revelations. The experimenters were informed, among other startling assertions, that the awakening of the spirit on the "other side" is far from being agreeable—that he finds himself surrounded by unknown beings who mostly have skeleton heads, and that the fright he sustains as a consequence renders him for the second time unconscious; that spirits see little of the habits of man, but they hear him think, sometimes a long distance off; that the body of a spirit is material and composed of a gaseous fluid; that if a spirit moves quickly his body elongates and assumes a cylindrical shape which quickly changes into a spiral one as the movement increases in swiftness.

Three months later—in *LIGHT* of July 13th, 1912—we printed the following report received by the International Bureau of Spiritualism from its Dutch delegate, Mr. H. N. de Fremery, and which had appeared in the Bureau's Official Bulletin for June:—

As to the Dynamistograph it cannot be denied that it is constructed very ingeniously. But it is so sensible to the least differences in temperature that the inventors have not yet succeeded in performing irreproachable experiments. They experimented with it before a committee of members of the Spiritualistic Society "Harmonia" at The Hague, in circumstances that were far from satisfactory. The results have been poor. Two physicians observed some backings [reverse motions], which seemed to take place on demand, but we are not sure that these phenomena are not caused by differences of temperature, and that the consequent results are not simple coincidences. In order to avoid all these causes of error, the machine should be perfectly isolated, but this would be very expensive, and as nobody is convinced of the reality of the facts, the inventors can hardly find the necessary money for the purpose.

Old age would make youth prematurely wise: the wisdom of youth is seen in its refusal of this untimely growth.

MUSIC, like religion itself, transfers the centre of artistic gravity from the picturesque rites of ceremonial man to the inner voice of the Divine Spirit.—COLIN McALPIN in "Hermaia."

WAR AND THE "SUPERNATURAL."—An officer, who had seen much hard fighting at the front, tells me several authentic cases of premonitions and apparitions which have come under his notice. He attributes these "visions" to telepathy and the "intense" mental atmosphere of the battlefield. He gave me one particularly interesting case of a soldier who had been "seen" by a comrade, although at the time the two were miles apart. The vision was followed by the report of the death at the identical moment of the soldier thus strangely beheld.—"Evening News."



OFFICE OF "LIGHT," 110, ST. MARTIN'S LANE,  
LONDON, W.C.  
SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 2ND, 1916.

## Light:

A Journal of Psychical, Occult, and Mystical Research.

PRICE TWOPENCE WEEKLY.

COMMUNICATIONS intended to be printed should be addressed to the Editor, Office of LIGHT, 110, St. Martin's-lane, London, W.C. Business communications should in all cases be addressed to Mr. F. W. South, Office of LIGHT, to whom Cheques and Postal Orders should be made payable.

Subscription Rates.—LIGHT may be had free by post on the following terms:—Twelve months, 10s. 10d.; six months, 5s. 5d. Payments must be made in advance. To United States, 2dol. 70c. To France, Italy, &c., 15 francs 86 centimes.

Wholesale Agents: Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent and Co., Ltd., 31, Paternoster-row, London, E.C., and LIGHT can be ordered through all Newsagents and Booksellers.

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### THE ELUSIVE THINGS.

They will not come to watchers: Nature gives  
To the unconscious only, things divine.

—ROBERT LEIGHTON.

It is highly probable that in some of the old tabus and folk superstitions which made it a dangerous thing to utter certain names there lurked a deep and true meaning. We read how the servant of Michael Scott, the wizard, knew certain magical words, but even after his master's death he dare not utter them—even for thinking them he had to do penance. The idea is found everywhere in the ancient rites and mysteries. It survives to-day in some countries where it is unlucky to utter certain words, those, as a rule, which have some sacred significance. They are passed over in reverent silence or some other word is substituted. The precise origin of the custom may not be easy to trace, but the feelings which prompted it are readily identifiable. They are the outcome of fear and reverence, blended with some perfectly true instinct that certain experiences which belong to certain states of the soul are so rare, delicate and elusive that the spell may be broken by a word.

We are accustomed to hear urgent, sometimes even clamorous, appeals for brotherhood, for love, for unity, for many beautiful and divine things. But although it is well that the lack of these blessings should be recognised, there comes upon the sensitive listener the idea that the loud petitionings have a distinctly disenchanting effect. It seems as though it would be better to be silent—certain canons of the spirit are being rudely broken—the sacred names are being uttered aloud, and the sanctities profaned. Even more gross seems the profanation when the possession of some shining grace or virtue is boastfully proclaimed. A community blazons "Brotherhood" on its banners, apparently unconscious that where the fraternal spirit exists in its greatest fulness its presence is rarely, if ever, mentioned, and it is never openly professed—that would break the charm.

It has been well said that the art of literature consists chiefly in a knowledge of the things to be left unsaid, but these reticences cover the whole realm of life on its spiritual and artistic side. There are no express prohibitions. Feeling is the only arbiter, and the deeper it resides in the soul the more inexorable and unspoken are its dictates. If a man is not conscious of the disenchanting word or the sacrilegious touch no amount of admonition will make him aware of it. He will know that certain words or acts are forbidden, and will refrain from fear of censure, but he will not know why they jar on finer sensibilities than his own.

That he can only learn along certain interior lines of spiritual evolution accompanied, it may be, with many chastening experiences.

By the eye of the philosopher, the source of all defect of taste and feeling is seen to be always the intrusive expression of the undeveloped ego. The mystics, putting the thought into their own vocabulary, traced the evil to precisely the same cause, and the Hebrew school held that the serpent which entered the garden of Paradise was Nacash, the *self*. Self-consciousness carried beyond its legitimate bounds encroaches on the sanctuaries, proclaims its own greatness and wisdom, disregards the rites and reticences, and after much boastful and arrogant talk meets in the end with humiliation and defeat.

Yet, after all, nothing is really profaned and polluted, however much this may seem to be the case. The divine things are divinely elusive. True beauty suffers nothing from besmirching fingers. The crystal may be shattered, but the essences which it contained are infinitely volatile—swifter than light and as intangible. Some rugged leader arises who will reduce all the splendours and divinities of the spirit to facts and figures, bring them all into shapes where they shall be within the grasp of the merest boor, but when all is done only some dry husks and shards remain—the spirit itself has mysteriously escaped in the process. And yet the work, futile as it seemed, leaves always some residuum of good. Certain spurious accretions which have become attached to the true things and have won a mistaken reverence are destroyed in the process. Nothing has been profaned, nothing violated, but the hand of the iconoclast has surprised some counterfeits and they are forthwith discarded.

By a frank recognition that all which is of true spiritual value is utterly beyond the touch of sacrilege we may save ourselves much fretful complaint of the profaners of sanctuaries. And where it is a question of conflicting souls the fact remains that the encroaching *self* of the raw egotist or the tyrant can gain no territory that is not surrendered by the weakness of those upon whose rights he infringes. Often the individual soul suffers undeservedly, as it would seem, but that is because it has not risen to the perception that it is part of a spiritual unity from which it cannot escape, and in all the experiences of which it must in some measure share, whether of pain or of peace. That perception comes with the unfolding of the self beyond the limits of the purely personal sphere. Beyond the narrow circle of the self lie the larger outlook and those great calms of soul—rare but intensely real—where the events of life are discerned in their truer proportions and the divine things no longer elude us because we have learned that we must no longer seek to clutch them for our own profit, and that where they rest we also may repose "serene and inaccessiblely secure."

### "LIGHT" "TRIAL" SUBSCRIPTION.

As an inducement to new and casual readers to become subscribers, LIGHT will be sent for thirteen weeks, *post free*, for 2s., as a "trial" subscription. It is suggested that regular readers who have friends to whom they would like to introduce the paper should avail themselves of this offer, and forward to the Manager of LIGHT at this office the names and addresses of such friends, upon receipt of which, together with the requisite postal order, he will be pleased to send LIGHT to them by post as stated above.

THE most glorious fact of our experience is not anything we have done or may hope to do, but a transient thought or vision, or dream which we have had. I would give all the wealth of the world and all the deeds of all the heroes for one true vision.—THOREAU.



## SIR OLIVER LODGE GIVES A MESSAGE OF HOPE.

The "Weekly Dispatch" of the 27th ult. prints a timely "Message of Hope to the Bereaved" from Sir Oliver Lodge. Death he defines as "a natural process through which all living things must pass, a stage in the journey of existence."

An important station, truly; we do more, on arrival, than change to another line. Death is more like a port of departure, where we leave our land conveyance and launch out on a new medium. In that sense only can it be likened to a terminus. Death is a great adventure, it is in no sense a termination of existence.

To the inquiry how he knows so positively that Death is not the end but only a transition—that, as he asserts, "the whole personality persists: the memory, the character, the affections are all unchanged"—he replies that he has been guided to this knowledge, not by religion, not by faith, but by simple following of fact. Messages have been received across the gulf and the barrier is opaque no longer (it never was really so). To anyone who will really study the facts for a few strenuous years, doubt is no longer, in Sir Oliver's judgment, reasonably possible. He then makes this welcome and important announcement:—

It is not possible to convey any adequate idea of the evidence in an article, it needs at least a book; and a book I will write—indeed, am writing; but I have lately communicated three incidents of the most recent evidence to the Society for Psychical Research, whose business it is to criticise these things, and in a forthcoming issue of its Proceedings they will appear.

Immediately below Sir Oliver's article appears an interview with Miss Estelle Stead in which she quotes several instances where parents of soldiers who have been killed on the battlefield have succeeded in communicating with their loved ones in the spirit world.

## PSYCHIC SCIENCE IN FRANCE.

## AN EXAMPLE OF TELEPATHY.

"Les Annales des Sciences Psychiques" gives an instance of telepathy, described in a letter written by M. P. Bachelot, chief accountant of the Compagnie d'Electricité of Angers, to his friend M. Morin, then serving in the French army as a sergeant in the 71st Regiment of Territorial Infantry.

During a period of leave, M. Morin had given M. Bachelot an aluminium ring which he had had made especially for his friend. (These rings are made out of the metal from shell-fuses, and many of our Tommies, as well as the French soldiers, are experts in their manufacture.)

We quote from the letter in question:—

In the night of the 7th-8th of March I was awakened suddenly by an intense pain in the little finger, the one on which I wear your ring. It seemed as though it were being squeezed in a vice, and, half-asleep, I slipped off the ring, meaning to put it on the table close to my bed. (Actually I fell asleep again before doing this, and Cotte [his daughter] afterwards found it at the foot of the bed.)

Next morning, on going downstairs, I remembered that I had not my ring, and the sensations of the previous night, which I had completely forgotten, came back with the recollection. At the same time I became obsessed with the idea that some misfortune had happened to you. All day and the next day, Thursday, I was depressed by this feeling and sent round to Mme. Morin to ascertain if she had news of you, but she had only received a card, which did not give much news and was not of recent date.

You can imagine my feelings when I learnt next day that you had been wounded on the night of the 7th-8th of March.

The story is attested by M. Morin, and two natives of Angers, MM. Senciel and Grandin (both of whom give their addresses) and the incident, though slight in itself, is a useful addition to the mass of psychic evidences, especially as it appears to combine elements of telepathy and psychometry.

How far is love, even with many wrong opinions, to be preferred before truth itself without love!—WESLEY.

## RACHEL COMFORTED: THE STORY OF A MOTHER AND CHILD.

By "RACHEL."

I continue to receive letters expressive of the great comfort these articles have been to a number of people, who, one and all, comment upon their apparent *real-ness*, if I may coin a word. These letters are my reward for what was originally an act of some self-sacrifice, but which has now become an additional comfort to myself. Even if I do not immediately reply to all I shall hope to do so eventually, and no one need apologise for writing to me. Sunny's delight at these tributes to his "book" (the pride of his heart!) can well be imagined. So, my dear unknown friends, please know that your letters give joy to that bright creature "Sunny"—and equal joy to his mother.

I think the *real-ness* of Sunny's communications lies chiefly in the absence of all the high-flown talk which is a feature of adult communications. These may be beautiful and helpful, but one must confess they are sometimes rather boring when the entity is a very ordinary soul, "not good enough for Heaven, not bad enough for hell"—which, as a military man newly arrived on the other side observed, seems to be the normal condition of most people who pass over. And is not that quite natural? Why should Mr. or Mrs. Somebody of Bloomsbury or Park Lane be any more in the position to preach to us on higher subjects from that side than they were on this one, until they have outgrown all that made them very ordinary people here? Their remarks are comforting, so far as they go. But they go such a little way! We on this side hunger, surely, for some common-sense description of the new surroundings, locality, climate and occupation, in which we may picture our vanished darlings day by day, doing this or that, meeting so-and-so, under such and such conditions, dwelling in a home that we would simply love to hear described, and amid all the little details which go to make up home life, no matter on what plane it is being led. A "plane" (as I understand it from Sunny) is *not locality, but a state of thought*. I cannot for a moment believe that any advancement, education or helpfulness could be arrived at, if all the good and advanced souls were isolated from the less good and advanced. Walk into a lecture-hall full of people on this side, or an hotel, restaurant, church, a train, or amongst the throngs of a Hyde Park Sunday, and are we not amongst souls of every plane of thought, from goodness and mediocrity to badness? Do we not know that we often must brush shoulders with God's own saints, helping humanity and perfectly happy in doing so, yet dwelling mentally on a plane far above other souls? May it not be much the same "there"? What a strange plan to carry off all the good and helpful ones to live in selfish glory with each other, and herd the rest of us somewhere else to make the best of things!

I have noticed always, and so will my readers, that in Sunny's artless confidences no especial desire to teach *anything* is manifest, though he of course unconsciously does so. It has been deemed that this feature alone points to the genuineness and value of the communications as coming from a child. It does not usually appeal to children to preach or teach. Yet one knows that, because of its very innocence of all such desire, and because of the clearness of the mirror of its young mind, it often happens truly that "a little child shall lead them" more surely than the finest sermon ever preached.

During the years when I was getting these communications there came occasionally to my house, at their own wish, to be present at the sittings, learned divines of various faiths, scientists, students, and people of all sorts, who all seemed impressed by the conviction that here at least was no fraud, no effort, no high-flown sermonising, but just the simple outpourings of a single-hearted child intent chiefly on one thing—to describe to his mother (and thereby comfort her) what that world is like wherein he now dwells and awaits her. It is very strange to me, and I think a great pity that we do not get more of this common-sense kind of talk from spirit-friends. When your relations have gone to the Antipodes, is not your one longing to hear



what it is like out there, especially when you know you will soon follow? It is no doubt comforting to be told that you will soon "get over the obstacles in your path," and that someone who is now "nasty" to you is going to become "nice." But picture such a letter from a loved son in Timbuctoo! Not a word about the kind of house he lives in, the sort of people round him, his occupations, the scenery, or the climate. Why are we to be given such cold stones, instead of bread, from "there"? And what, I wonder, is the meaning of it? The only explanation I can think of is that, finding themselves in surroundings quite familiar, because those surroundings belong to our true home (visited always in sleep), our friends, accustomed also to seeing us there, have no idea often that our return to the body has blotted out our memory of this experience, and that, therefore, we are, for the moment, ignorant of what we really know quite well. That there can be nothing new at "death" is shown by the fact that many spirits have not known they were "dead" for years. If, in sleep, we live "there" (as I am sure we do), there can be very little to show us that we have "died"—which simply means that we do not return to the body again. Years before I ever read a word upon this subject by occultists and others, Sunny explained all this to me, but I only got it by dint of much questioning and pressing, for at first he could not even realise, I think, what it was I was trying to "get at," and, in fact, I do not think he knew himself till he had been told by his teacher, "Love," and others. It all got cleared up to me very gradually, and then at last I understood. It was such joy to me to see it confirmed in books years later.

Here is "a story" that Sunny wrote for us in bits day by day, often with long conversations and questionings in between. We soon realised that it was the story of himself on passing over, and of his earliest impressions over there. He took the greatest delight in writing this story, and the planchette would race along in his excitement, and when he could see my tears dropping on to the paper, as they sometimes did, the little board would be lifted up to stroke my face and comfort me, and when at other times I laughed, and Nellie laughed, the little board would execute a little jig of joy. And now let me give Sunny's story exactly as he wrote it:—

Not many years ago, in a place not far out of London, God sent a little tiny baby to comfort a dear, kind lady, who was at that time very, very sad. This little baby grew up into a romping boy, and was always doing a lot of naughty things; but through it all his mother always loved him. But at that time she did not realise that God had only lent her this little babe, and by-and-by He was going to fetch it back to Him. Several years passed by [planchette paused, scratched out "passed by," and turned it to "rolled on"], several years rolled on, and this romping little boy turned into a public school-boy, aged twelve. And then one day God said to him, "Are you ready now to come with me to a beautiful place I have got ready for you?" This little boy said, "Oh, yes! But must I leave my mother, whom I love—oh, so much? and my darling brothers? I am afraid I shall not be happy if I have to leave them behind." Then this kind and gentle God, who loves all little children (and big ones, too), sent a kind lady to tell and explain to him God's way of drawing all His children back to Him; and she said, "Do you know, little boy, that it is part of God's plan to bring you to our Happy Land, so that you may be the means of teaching and guiding your own father and mother and brothers to find the way as well?" Then this little boy said, "Oh, yes, let me come—do, do let me come! But won't my mother miss me and be sad?" So this lady, whose name I will tell you later on, said, "Oh, yes, she will miss you and be very, very sad." Then this little boy looked up into her face and said, "Thank you very much, but I cannot leave my darling mother all alone to be so sad. Will you please take another little boy whose mother will not miss him so much?" But this lady said, "No, no, my little boy, God wants you. He has a work for you to do, and no one else can do it."

Sunny's story, which I will continue in my next article, will, when read in the complete book, be found to be mixed up with many interruptions such as one would get with a child. If I cried, he would not continue, but be intent upon cheering me in his own sweet way. Sometimes he would say, "Not my story to-day. Let's have a nice chat." Therefore this little narrative took weeks to get. But may the joy, mixed with many a tear, that it brought me, find a place to-day in the

hearts of other Rachels, some of whom, perhaps, have believed their darlings were really lost to them!

Mothers—for you, as well as for me, was my little son returned to me. I hear your voices everywhere to-day, "refusing to be comforted." But pause now in your tears. There is light fast coming everywhere. You may not entirely cease to weep. This Rachel sometimes weeps, but only because her children are out of her sight. Not because she any longer believes them "lost" to her. That cruel delusion has vanished for ever.

#### THE CHANGING OUTLOOK.

Evidences of the progress of the spiritual idea are to be seen in many directions. It is not merely that the religious world has been permeated with newer inspirations and its outlook enlarged. The influences of the unseen realm have worked wondrously in the general social life, producing a new and hopeful attitude towards death and a certain almost childish expectancy that in this shadowy something known as the "occult" is to be found the key to many mysteries. One continually meets people who only need an encouraging word to unburden themselves of much in the way of confession and inquiry in the direction of psychic problems and perplexities. Those who study the printed word have no lack of instruction in these matters. The difficulty is rather to discriminate between the teachings of error and the strong, sane utterances of reason and experience. But even the errors mean something, and being tested and found wanting, lead eventually to the truth.

And this brings up the prickly problem of the many inquirers in the psychic field who are moved only by frivolous and selfish motives and whose stock questions may be typically summarised as "When shall I marry?" "How will my law-suit go?" "Should I buy mining or rubber shares?" People ought not to seek counsel of the invisible world on such sordid subjects. True, but it is very human, and such things are nearest to the hearts of some investigators. Self-interest is the first letter of the psychic alphabet to them and they must begin somewhere. They did not do these things in the old days of the movement. True, again; but in the old days the subject was not so widespread, nor did its resources bulk so largely in the popular estimation. The populace is coming in now with its undisciplined imagination and crude appetites. It is coming in, and there is the difference between the past and the present. And in this direction such evils as exist will work their own cure. Nature is ready, here as elsewhere, to curb the unruly appetite with a dose of indigestion, to chasten the unregulated imagination with some wholesome disillusionising. The frivolous inquirer, the self-seeker, is fooled, or his desires are gratified in a way that carries a painful lesson on the vanity of pursuing the perishable.

It is natural enough to complain of the disrepute into which such persons bring our movement. But even here there is compensation. The very fact that intelligent outsiders condemn the subject for these reasons proves that they have a very just and healthy estimate of what it should stand for. Let it be our part to prove to them that they are in the main right in their censure, and are only wrong in their failure to temper their judgment with discrimination. Not one of them, however severe his morality, would condemn the telegraph wire because it has become one of the instruments of gambling, and because torrents of vicious twaddle are disseminated by its use. Even could we imagine our wires and cables monopolised by evil agencies we should not lose faith in the electric telegraph. It would always retain the possibilities of better use.

Even on the external side, then, our movement has grown exceedingly in activity and importance. The congregation has increased in numbers, and if it is not all we might desire in the direction of intelligence and refinement, it is there to be catered for. And there is a steadily increasing number of thoughtful and progressive minds which, in a general survey, the superficial observer is apt to overlook because of their quietude. It is their presence amongst us that helps to make the outlook hopeful and gives an assurance of progress. And as we have said, even the presence of profitmongers does not discourage us. The altar may be used as a gaming-table, but it remains an altar.



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The danger to-day for the Church is that she may oppose to psychical science the same unreasoning blend of enmity and fear with which, so disastrously for herself, she met physical science in the time of Darwin. . . . Psychical research is likely to be for the twentieth century what physical research was for the nineteenth—the power that will revolutionise our view of life. Its foundations have been already solidly laid by many years of patient and exacting scientific work. We are not at the end of that work; only at the beginning; but enough has been already done to convince almost all those who have investigated most closely and critically of the survival of human personality after death as a fact scientifically ascertained. Just when physical science seemed to have landed Europe in agnosticism and despair, the psychic investigators began to find light—light about the central postulate of religion, the faith without which Christianity is vain, the greatest and boldest hope of Western civilisation.

"Is it nothing to the Church," asks Dr. Dearmer, "that this faith—upon which not only life itself in any tolerable form, but ultimately the existence of God Himself, must rest—should at this time be receiving steadily growing scientific proof?"

To great numbers of Church people it is worse than nothing: any form of communion that is actually with the saints departed is an evil and a wicked thing to be divulged in confusion and repented of. They are not merely sceptical; they are as angry as the materialistic scientist, with whom they find themselves in ill-consorted alliance. . . . One wonders for the cause of this prejudice. Perhaps it is partly because all the evidence that accumulates is dead against those strange, horrible and unchristian ideas which were once well-nigh universal, and are still in the blood of most of us—the Romish doctrine concerning purgatory, the Calvinist doctrine concerning hell, and the popular doctrine of corruption pending a more or less vaguely hoped for resurrection at the end of the world—perhaps millions of years hence. The Roman authorities have no alternative; they do not disbelieve in the conversation of saints, but they see in Spiritualism a rival power, more dangerous than freemasonry, because it crumbles down the elaborately constructed theories of purgatory and indulgences. It is not possible for them to throw over the whole system of mediæval accretions; so they are compelled to make a wall round it, and to declare Spiritualism a sin. But they will pay a heavy price for the obscurantism before this century is over; and in the meantime it is madness for other Christians who have already thrown over those accretions to follow their example.

Dr. Dearmer proceeds to explain, for the benefit of those ignorant of such matters, something of the rationale of mediumship and the different forms of spirit communication. After a reference to the immense amount of evidence available, including that obtained by great scientific investigators like Myers, Barrett and Lodge, he concludes:—

It is certainly the duty of any religious teacher to study such works as these, and to acquire some knowledge of the science of psychic research. For all who have not done this, a quiet humility is the only reasonable attitude of mind. To denounce Spiritualism without having studied the evidence is an act of folly which one would think incredible were it not common and unabashed. In the interests of religion it is our duty to press upon all the duty of humble and God-fearing inquiry,

and to support those who give of their best in order to try the spirits.

We have already many earnest students of our subject among members of the Anglican Communion, and such an article as the above cannot fail to awaken further interest in the minds of Churchmen of the more independent and thoughtful type.

## THE ROLLING-BACK OF THE CLOUDS.

To explain the book of life one would require the scrolls of eternity. War throws light on some of its stray pages as they flutter for a second on the wings of time and then disappear, but not before it has flung its cressets of light upon the black pall of doubt. Everyone now talks of psychic phenomena. In a paltry generation of superficial thinking the subject was one for jest, but there is far more in it than jesters are likely to discover. Mocking laughter never discovered anything except the vacuous fool. The appearances of spiritual beings give but scant opportunity for examination, but serious investigation has now taken the place of cheap sneering. After all, religion is founded upon a philosophy of apparitions. The vision of angels at Mons is no new thing. Catholicism is founded on such visions, and no religion worthy of the name is without its story of angels. New aspects of matter have laid many materialistic theories in the dust, the mysterious potencies of matter which the latest science is revealing, the energy of electrons, and radium are giving us a new science of super-sensual physics and with it new vistas of thought.

It is no longer necessary to apologise for the work of psychic research—that is, among intelligent people. Light is gaining on the darkness. "I felt another hand assisting me to steer," said to me a sailor man, who vainly tried to explain how he kept his boat from what appeared certain destruction. He would scorn to be called a religious man. "There is nothing of the ranter in me, you know, sir," and he used uncomplimentary words which I omit. "But there, sir, it was no skill of mine. All I saw was death and destruction for me and my mates, yet I knew we should pull through all right. There was another that shipped as passenger in the darkness." . . .

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THE laws of Nature are as the habits of God.—COLIN MCALPIN, in "Hermaia."

THE REAL NEEDS.—Any hindrances which we may experience in our life are not in our limitations, but in our attitude of mind towards them. . . . We should look on all outside things as opportunities on which we may prove our strength; as ladders up which we may climb to higher heights of conquest; as doors ever ready to open at the magic touch of optimism. It is more courage we need to climb, and not a smoother pathway; it is more hope and cheerfulness we need, and not more sunshine; it is more thoroughness in our present work and task that we need, and not greater opportunities; and it is more gratitude in our hearts that we need, and not so much grumbling and complaining.—"One Life, One Law, One Love," by MRS. JAMES ALLEN.



what it is like out there, especially when you know you will soon follow? It is no doubt comforting to be told that you will soon "get over the obstacles in your path," and that someone who is now "nasty" to you is going to become "nice." But picture such a letter from a loved son in Timbuctoo! Not a word about the kind of house he lives in, the sort of people round him, his occupations, the scenery, or the climate. Why are we to be given such cold stones, instead of bread, from "there"? And what, I wonder, is the meaning of it? The only explanation I can think of is that, finding themselves in surroundings quite familiar, because those surroundings belong to our true home (visited always in sleep), our friends, accustomed also to seeing us there, have no idea often that our return to the body has blotted out our memory of this experience, and that, therefore, we are, for the moment, ignorant of what we really know quite well. That there can be nothing new at "death" is shown by the fact that many spirits have not known they were "dead" for years. If, in sleep, we live "there" (as I am sure we do), there can be very little to show us that we have "died"—which simply means that we do not return to the body again. Years before I ever read a word upon this subject by occultists and others, Sunny explained all this to me, but I only got it by dint of much questioning and pressing, for at first he could not even realise, I think, what it was I was trying to "get at," and, in fact, I do not think he knew himself till he had been told by his teacher, "Love," and others. It all got cleared up to me very gradually, and then at last I understood. It was such joy to me to see it confirmed in books years later.

Here is "a story" that Sunny wrote for us in bits day by day, often with long conversations and questionings in between. We soon realised that it was the story of himself on passing over, and of his earliest impressions over there. He took the greatest delight in writing this story, and the planchette would race along in his excitement, and when he could see my tears dropping on to the paper, as they sometimes did, the little board would be lifted up to stroke my face and comfort me, and when at other times I laughed, and Nellie laughed, the little board would execute a little jig of joy. And now let me give Sunny's story exactly as he wrote it:—

Not many years ago, in a place not far out of London, God sent a little tiny baby to comfort a dear, kind lady, who was at that time very, very sad. This little baby grew up into a romping boy, and was always doing a lot of naughty things; but through it all his mother always loved him. But at that time she did not realise that God had only lent her this little babe, and by-and-by He was going to fetch it back to Him. Several years passed by [planchette paused, scratched out "passed by," and turned it to "rolled on"], several years rolled on, and this romping little boy turned into a public school-boy, aged twelve. And then one day God said to him, "Are you ready now to come with me to a beautiful place I have got ready for you?" This little boy said, "Oh, yes! But must I leave my mother, whom I love—oh, so much? and my darling brothers? I am afraid I shall not be happy if I have to leave them behind." Then this kind and gentle God, who loves all little children (and big ones, too), sent a kind lady to tell and explain to him God's way of drawing all His children back to Him; and she said, "Do you know, little boy, that it is part of God's plan to bring you to our Happy Land, so that you may be the means of teaching and guiding your own father and mother and brothers to find the way as well?" Then this little boy said, "Oh, yes, let me come—do, do let me come! But won't my mother miss me and be sad?" So this lady, whose name I will tell you later on, said, "Oh, yes, she will miss you and be very, very sad." Then this little boy looked up into her face and said, "Thank you very much, but I cannot leave my darling mother all alone to be so sad. Will you please take another little boy whose mother will not miss him so much?" But this lady said, "No, no, my little boy, God wants you. He has a work for you to do, and no one else can do it."

Sunny's story, which I will continue in my next article, will, when read in the complete book, be found to be mixed up with many interruptions such as one would get with a child. If I cried, he would not continue, but be intent upon cheering me in his own sweet way. Sometimes he would say, "Not my story to-day. Let's have a nice chat." Therefore this little narrative took weeks to get. But may the joy, mixed with many a tear, that it brought me, find a place to-day in the

hearts of other Rachels, some of whom, perhaps, have believed their darlings were really lost to them!

Mothers—for you, as well as for me, was my little son returned to me. I hear your voices everywhere to-day, "refusing to be comforted." But pause now in your tears. There is light fast coming everywhere. You may not entirely cease to weep. This Rachel sometimes weeps, but only because her children are out of her sight. Not because she any longer believes them "lost" to her. That cruel delusion has vanished for ever.

#### THE CHANGING OUTLOOK.

Evidences of the progress of the spiritual idea are to be seen in many directions. It is not merely that the religious world has been permeated with newer inspirations and its outlook enlarged. The influences of the unseen realm have worked wondrously in the general social life, producing a new and more hopeful attitude towards death and a certain almost wishful expectancy that in this shadowy something known as the "occult" is to be found the key to many mysteries. One continually meets people who only need an encouraging word to unburden themselves of much in the way of confession and inquiry in the direction of psychic problems and perplexities. Those who study the printed word have no lack of instruction in these matters. The difficulty is rather to discriminate between the teachings of error and the strong, sane utterances of reason and experience. But even the errors mean something, and, being tested and found wanting, lead eventually to the truth.

And this brings up the prickly problem of the many inquirers in the psychic field who are moved only by frivolous and selfish motives and whose stock questions may be typically summarised as "When shall I marry?" "How will my law-suit go?" "Should I buy mining or rubber shares?" People ought not to seek counsel of the invisible world on such sordid subjects. True, but it is very human, and such things are nearest to the hearts of some investigators. Self-interest is the first letter of the psychic alphabet to them and they must begin somewhere. They did not do these things in the old days of the movement. True, again; but in the old days the subject was not so widespread, nor did its resources bulk so largely in the popular estimation. The populace is coming in now with its undisciplined imagination and crude appetites. It is coming in, and there is the difference between the past and the present. And in this direction such evils as exist will work their own cure. Nature is ready, here as elsewhere, to curb the unruly appetite with a dose of indigestion, to chasten the unregulated imagination with some wholesome disillusionising. The frivolous inquirer, the self-seeker, is fooled, or his desires are gratified in a way that carries a painful lesson on the vanity of pursuing the perishable.

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## THE CLOTHING OF THE SPIRIT.

The Rev. G. A. Sexton (St. Helier) writes:—

The article on "The Clothing of the Spirit" in your issue of August 19th is an interesting speculation, but if we wish to make our knowledge definite upon any subject we can best do so by taking the statements of those who have evidence to give on the matter. It is safe to say that no life is more full of intercourse with, and visions into, the spirit realm than Swedenborg's, nor does any other give stronger evidence of the reality of the claims made; therefore his words on the clothing of spirits and angels should be interesting.

He says in "Heaven and Hell—from Things Heard and Seen": "Since angels are men, and live together in society, like men on earth they have garments, &c. . . but with this difference, that they have all things in greater perfection, because they are in a more perfect state. . . Their garments correspond to their intelligence. . . The garments of some glow as with a flame, and those of others shine as with light, because flame corresponds to good, and light to truth from good. The garments of some are bright and white without luminosity, and those of others are of various colours. . . The angels of the inmost heaven are not clothed, because they are in innocence, and nudity corresponds to innocence.

"Since angels are clothed with garments in heaven, they have also appeared clothed with garments when seen in the world.

" . . That the garments of the angels do not merely appear to be garments, but really are garments, is evident from this, that they not only see them, but also feel them, and also that they have many garments, which they take off and put on, and that when they are not in use they preserve them, and when they have use for them, put them on again. That they are clothed in a variety of garments I have seen a thousand times. I enquired whence they obtained the garments, and they said it was from the Lord, and that they received them as gifts, and that they are sometimes clothed without knowing how."

This is only a brief extract, but in other works Swedenborg describes more details of the heavenly garments, and how the "gifts" are given, often by an angel from a higher state, coming as a messenger and saying that the works and thoughts of certain spirits had been commendable and that the garment presented corresponded to the soul advancement thereby achieved.

## A GENERATION AGO.

(FROM "LIGHT" OF SEPTEMBER 4TH, 1886.)

Crookes proved that this power [animal magnetism] is capable of being transferred. In common with his comrades Wallace, Huggins, De Morgan and Varley, he made the trial of the alteration of weight of inorganic substances, in the presence of the medium Home, by an apparatus he had himself invented, and which was beyond the comprehension of the medium. He found objects change in weight from 25lbs. to 100lbs. By the light touch of his hands Home obtained a greater increase of weight than Crookes could by the whole weight of his body, that is 140lbs. He called this force, operating at a distance and without absolute contact, "psychic force." This force is connected in an incomprehensible manner with the human organism, and is innate in everyone, being specially strong in mediums, although even in these it has its ebb and flow periods and sometimes is altogether absent.

—From an article by C. DU PREL.

THE TWO SIDES OF TRUTH.—That God is and God is not, the conscious comes from the unconscious, the cause of all causes is causeless, man is both temporal and eternal, the child is as old as the parent, nothing is something, and the human will is free within limits, are all easily reconcilable contradictions when they are seen in the light of Truth as a dual-unity.

PSYCHIC PHOTOGRAPHY.—LANTERN LECTURE.—MR. R. A. Bush (Morden, Surrey), writes: "Mr. Hope, the medium of the Crewe circle which sat for spirit photographs, has kindly offered to give a lantern lecture at the Wimbledon Spiritualist Mission, on Wednesday, November 22nd. He is willing to give his lecture at any other London society on, say, Tuesday, November 21st, or Thursday, 23rd. If any society is desirous of accepting that offer and willing to share out of pocket expenses, will the secretary please communicate with me."

## SIDELIGHTS.

The Rev. A. R. K. Wells, formerly vicar of Kington, Herts., has been appointed to the vicarage of St. Matthew's, Brixton, in succession to the Rev. A. J. Waldron.

It is proposed to raise a fund to endow St. John's Institute and to place memorial tablets in the churches of St. John, Westminster, and St. Mary, Southampton, as memorials to the late Archdeacon Wilberforce.

Professor Charles Richet, of the French Academy of Sciences, whose name is well known in connection with the investigation of psychical phenomena, is the president of a newly-founded French League for the Restoration of Poland.

Mr. A. G. Hales, the well-known novelist and war correspondent, has kindly furnished us with an account of a remarkable experiment in psychic photography. We hope to publish it in an early issue together with a reproduction of the photograph.

Since writing the note concerning Mr. David Wilson and his psychic telegraph which appeared last week (p. 280), we have received a letter from him announcing his intention when conditions are more favourable of resuming his experiments.

Miss Grierson, who is one of the latest and youngest recruits to the ranks of professional mediumship, is the possessor of a psychic gift of individual quality. The daughter of a professional man, and formerly a talented singer, she discovered a gift of clairvoyance in early youth, and astonished her school-fellows by her uncanny powers. She has been fairly impelled to the exercise of her psychic gifts, the nature of which she did not understand until she came into (apparently accidental) contact with Spiritualism. In that way she found herself and her work, and we wish her every success in what is always a trying and often a thankless sphere of work.

"Quex Senior," in the "Evening News," tells the following story of a dream that came true: "It was before the war, the scene the dining-room of an old chateau in France. The young daughter of the house told a dream of the night before. 'I dreamt that this house was full of English soldiers and that I was going to marry one of them.' A year later the officers of an English cavalry regiment were billeted in the chateau, and as one of them entered the house mademoiselle said, 'There is the man of my dream.' A few months later there was a happy sequel, and a junior officer of one of our best-known regiments has contracted an alliance with an historic house of France. In plain English, they were married a month ago."

## THE LEVER THAT WILL LIFT SOCIETY.

As the ideas through which we see and interpret life are the product of our own mental effort, so the relationships upon which our spiritual life depends can only be created by and through service. That man will live in the most spiritual potent world who has served best, has established the largest number of vital relationships. Here, then, we have the condition of a sounder social and commercial life. What we want is an idealism that will lift men above the suicidal materialism that has taken such complete possession of modern society, an idealism that accords with the fundamental laws of being, and is the promise of life to all men. By creating mutual trust between classes now diametrically opposed to each other, a true conception of the meaning and value of service would unify, as nothing else could, the present antagonistic forces of capital and labour, and thus check the growth of class feeling, which is becoming one of the most ominous signs of the times. The principle of service, of co-operation, must be made to permeate our modern civilisation. The spiritual possibilities of life are limitless. Could we but put aside for a moment the materialistic conceptions which at present bind us, and look ahead, we should soon discover in the virgin fields of possible experience lovelier paths of life than we have ever known. Let us take heed in time, for we are at the parting of the ways, and the road we are now travelling is startlingly short!

WILFRED WELLOCK in "Bibby's Annual."



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## NOTES BY THE WAY.

It is a curious and significant fact that so much testimony bearing upon the question of human survival and spirit agency reaches us from persons who are not Spiritualists and who are even at times hostile to Spiritualism. In many cases this attitude is due to a misunderstanding of what the movement really stands for. They read or hear of some deplorable nonsense put forward in the name of our subject, and while they are intelligent enough to recognise the absurdity, their intelligence is not always large enough to prompt them to persevere with a view to discovering whether the matter has been correctly presented. So they turn away, audibly wondering how the many sensible people associated with Spiritualism can believe such stuff. The fact is, of course, that the sensible people do *not* believe it. They, indeed, deplore it, but, being wide-minded and reasonable, they recognise that a subject which is surrounded by none of the restrictions of certain other bodies of faith or knowledge must inevitably suffer by the vagaries of some of its adherents. We have the choice between a set of canonical doctrines, an organised priesthood, and a faculty of certified practitioners—the lamentable results of which we see around us in the orthodox forms of Church, Law and Medicine—or the large, free, but often chaotic, movement of an unorganised body of truth.

There are some redeeming features to the situation, of course, and they are tremendously important—they are, indeed, the salvation of the matter. Any person having convinced himself of the fundamental facts of our subject is free to erect upon them any kind of fanciful doctrine he pleases, to draw all sorts of wild conclusions from them and to preach these as an inseparable part of the revelation. But he is no longer in a position to say with impunity, "This is the true religion, which if any man do not receive he shall without doubt perish everlastingly. You are required to believe this without question. You must not appeal to your intelligence upon it, because that is wicked." He could only do this if he had a large and powerful church at the back of him expounding and enforcing the same doctrines. As it is, at the very core of this subject there is the insistent appeal to reason and intelligence. Our experience always has been that the more reasonably spiritualism is presented the less it excites ridicule and hostility amongst the intelligent. Truth is never grotesque or absurd, but travesties of it very frequently are—that is its condemnation. It may be beautiful, majestic, terrible. It is never seen as a figure of fun, unless the eye of ignorance beholds it in some distorted shape.

So our appeal to those who realise the tremendous importance of these facts which are still heavily handicapped by a name soiled with much ignoble use—Spiritualism—is that they shall present these things with all the dignity and intelligence of which they are worthy, that is to say all that is within human power. There is no insistent need that they or we shall for ever be attacking the absurdities with which the facts are too often associated. Errors have within them the seeds of their own destruction. It is more important to affirm the true than to deny the false. The affirmation of the true, indeed, is really the best and most effective way of denying the false. We may borrow a hint in this matter even from the practices of commerce. An intelligent manufacturer knows that there is no better way of killing the sale of a spurious or inferior commodity than to place on the market a thoroughly sound article of the same kind. Once its value is known and tested, base imitations have no chance. The buyers will travel miles for it, even though the inferior article can be obtained cheaply at their very doors. The world is now going through a phase of experience in which the demand for intelligence, judgment, self-dependence and self-direction is coercive. In the great trial of men and things, all the shams and shoddies are doomed. It is a counsel not merely of wisdom but of common-sense to provide nothing that will not stand the analysis of intelligence and the test of time.

\* \* \* \*

A recuperating and reflective correspondent writes:—

The relation of medicine to sickness and disease is something more than a mechanical process of absorption and assimilation until losses are made good and debilitated organs regain their functioning power. There are other and finer forces concerned in the work of cure. Under the most favourable conditions the action of a drug is stimulative rather than curative—it goads to greater effort the inherent tendency of the body towards restoration and recovery. Health may be conceived as the focussing or balancing of numerous obscure and subtle forces until they form a harmonious field of pleasurable sensation and well-being. This field, during life, is constantly seeking to maintain itself, in much the same way that a spinning-top is always tending to a position of equilibrium. In ill-health the stability of this nervous field is jeopardised, and pain and discomfort ensue. If while in this condition a drug is administered, there is an augmentation of the disturbance followed by a corresponding reaction on the part of the nervous forces to re-establish themselves in harmonious relationship, just as the spinning-top if interfered with sways from side to side in an effort to regain its upright position. It is the recognition and utilisation of these finer vital forces by homeopaths, hypnotisers and mental healers generally that gives their methods such a high therapeutic value. In employing drugs in an extremely attenuated form, and making suggestive appeals to subliminal activities they are not only acting in accordance with the teaching of modern science, but are, perhaps, actually in touch with that deeper self which, as Myers so ably expresses it, "is for the most part potential as regards the life of earth, but which with the liberating change of death asserts itself in its plenitude."

Be always displeased with what thou art, if thou desirest to attain to what thou art not. Always add, always walk, always proceed. Neither stand still, nor go back nor deviate.—Sr. AUGUSTINE.



### POLTERGEIST DISTURBANCES IN SOUTH AFRICA.

From Mr. Henry Glasse, a South African gentleman who has on one or two previous occasions communicated with this journal on matters of psychic interest, we lately received a cutting from the "Eastern Province Herald" (Port Elizabeth) of July 28th last, giving an account of some poltergeist disturbances which were occasioning considerable excitement in the neighbourhood. The story associated with the origin of these disturbances (as gathered by a representative of the paper in question) was, it seems, that the parents of a girl at Kimberley, disapproving of her intimacy with a young Malay, had sent her to Port Elizabeth, and that the disappointed lover had thereupon called to his aid the powers of darkness and cast a spell over the girl. As a consequence she became ill of some mysterious complaint; her food would burst into flame when she attempted to eat; the blankets on her bed would catch fire while she was asleep; jugs and basins jumped off the table and broke on the floor, and stones and other missiles hurtled through the windows. These phenomena were accompanied by sounds as of wind sighing and whistling in at the door and whirling in rapid gyrations in every part of the house. In a letter accompanying the cutting Mr. Glasse stated that he had personally visited and examined the premises and interviewed the tenant (a well-educated and intelligent Indian Mussulman), his brother, and others present, and was impressed with their apparent candour. He does not appear to have witnessed anything abnormal himself, but some of the occurrences these people related to him were confirmed by outsiders. A retired railway official told Mr. Glasse that his daughter (the sick girl's nurse) had seen an egg that had been placed in a cupboard suddenly thrown by invisible agency into the centre of the room, and a saddler living opposite stated that one of his men went with another man into the house and saw a large tin of milk thrown in like manner out of the cupboard. Mr. Glasse added as a noteworthy fact that the disturbances had taken place principally, if not altogether, in broad daylight.

We were on the point of putting the foregoing particulars into print when two later copies of the "Herald," dated respectively July 29th and 31st, reached us. From these we learn that the "Herald's" representative had received further confirmatory accounts from apparently reputable persons who had been admitted into the house and themselves seen some of the phenomena, such as a chair tumbling over when no one was near, and various objects flying from the mantelpiece and cupboard. On a later visit he found that owing to the annoyance caused by curious crowds besieging the place the occupants had left. He succeeded, however, in tracking the head of the household and some of the other members to another part of the town, but not the sick girl, who had been removed elsewhere. The man informed him that she was the eldest of three sisters, his nieces, who had been living with his mother at Kimberley till the end of May, when he brought all four to join his wife and children and himself in their home in Port Elizabeth. It was true that the girl had been sought in marriage, and that he (her uncle) had refused his consent, as the young man was not of the same "tribe" as their family, but he did not connect this fact with the subsequent manifestations. Similar manifestations had occurred before—in Kimberley, after the death of the grandfather of the girl. It was about four days after their arrival with their grandmother at their uncle's house that the new annoyances—which were accompanied by mysterious knockings on the floor—commenced, and a month later that the girl was seized with fainting fits, from which, however, she had since recovered. He estimated the loss he had sustained from destruction and injury of property at from twenty to twenty-five pounds. He professed his disbelief in any supernatural agency being concerned in the phenomena, but owned that he was absolutely at a loss to account for them.

MUSIC is not merely the soul of Nature but of the nature of soul.—COLIN McALPIN, in "Hermaia."

### THE MINISTRY OF SUFFERING.

By C. G. SANDER, F.R.P.S.

I walked a mile with Pleasure,  
She chatted all the way,  
But left me none the wiser  
For all she had to say.

I walked a mile with Sorrow,  
And ne'er a word said she;  
But, oh, the things I learned from her  
When Sorrow walked with me!

—ROBERT BROWNING HAMILTON.

Why should we be afflicted with pain and sorrow and all the minor troubles of everyday life? Why should our short span of existence not be one round of unalloyed health, peace, and happiness? What is the purpose of all the suffering man has to experience?

Evil and suffering have ever proved enigmas of human existence, and although our circumscribed minds may never fully comprehend their purpose in the cosmic scheme, yet we may get glimpses of their use as we rise in spiritual development.

Man shares pain with the animal world, but sorrow is his own prerogative. Among the lowest animals there is, broadly speaking, as far as observation shows, probably no suffering of pain at all in the accepted sense of the term, for they lack nerves and nerves centres. The higher developed animals suffer pain through various causes, but for physiological and psychological reasons it may be said that on the whole the existence of animals is peaceful, dreamy and happy, and that their suffering of pain is usually of short duration, their self-healing powers being very strong.

Man's suffering differs from the animal's in that his pain, whether caused by disease or accident, is intensified by his reflecting on it, which the animal does not do. Moreover, owing to his more highly developed nervous system, he is far less able to bear pain than the animal. Even among men the civilised races cannot endure pain like the savages, whose mental powers and nervous system are less developed.

Sorrow is not experienced in the animal world, except among the more intelligent domestic animals, which through long association with man at times pine for a lost home or an absent or dead master.

After comparing the sufferings of man with the animal creation, let us address ourselves to the consideration of the following questions: What is the use and purpose of suffering? Why should man suffer through disease, accidents, poverty, fear, worries, enmity, disappointments, despondency, despair, grief through bereavement and many other adverse circumstances and evils?

The fact that the animal world rarely suffers from pain and entirely escapes the psychic sufferings which afflict mankind, points to the fact that most human suffering has its origin in our mental activities and our psychic life; and here we shall also find the remedy.

The animal lives to feed, to play, to rest, to sleep, and to reproduce its kind. Its life is regulated by accumulated experience inherited from a long line of ancestors, which we call instinct. It perceives and remembers, but has no reasoning power, and therefore there is no reflection either upon its past or for its future. It acts from automatic impulse through the vital urge to live and to reproduce; that is all. When it dies its soul is re-absorbed in the great reservoir of Universal Life.

Man's existence is on a higher plane. The Psalmist rightly says of man: "For thou hast made him a little lower than the angels, and hast crowned him with glory and honour." Every man, even the savage, has a purpose in life beyond eating, drinking, sleeping and parentage, for in every human mind there is a definite intuitional aim of life beyond that of mere animal existence. This aim, broadly speaking, is the gaining and dissemination of knowledge and love by the human Ego during its incarnation. It strives to learn how to master Nature and how to make her forces subservient to its happiness. Man strives to conquer the lower self, to express his higher self in harmony and beauty, and to serve those who suffer. The success of his efforts of self-development is marked by feelings of



happiness. He often, however, in seeking to obtain happiness commits errors of judgment: he thinks and acts wrongly and often selfishly: that is sin, the consequence of which is suffering. Man has freedom of action within certain limits and follows his feelings, his intellectual disposition and his moral dictates. Nature has been liberal and generous in fixing the boundaries within which he may exercise his talents and realise his desires. Experience teaches him where these boundaries are. If he oversteps them, suffering will result, for, with all her generosity, Nature will not tolerate wanton outrage of her laws. She will not permit man to commit self-destruction without giving him ample warning, by pain and sorrow, that he is doing wrong, that he is disobeying his conscience, mis-using his body, or injuring his fellow-men.

Evil has no existence outside human thought and activity, and it is really Nature's endeavour to restore the balance between the lower physical and the higher spiritual forces, disturbed by man's brutal and erroneous self-expression. Evil, although it always has the tendency to cut short our incarnation, must not be confused with accidents. There are many unforeseen, though natural, incidents in life which may have disastrous results, but which cannot be called "evil." The term "evil" presupposes deliberate, consciously selfish action, error committed in trying to gain advantage at the expense of others, or seeking happiness through the gratification of purely animal desires and sensations. Evil is the negative activity of Nature by which she destroys that which disturbs the cosmic harmony and evolution before she reconstructs in harmony and beauty. In order fully to develop all his powers of self-expression, it is necessary that man should know the negative as well as the positive side of life, so that he may better co-operate with Nature's forces instead of uselessly opposing them. In all his thoughts and acts man must be God's conscious and willing co-operator, otherwise Nature applies the whip of pain and sorrow. Man has to reach a certain, as yet hardly discernible, spiritual destiny; but there are thousands of roads and by-paths along which he can travel and in which he may go astray, yet all add to his knowledge and experience. The choice of paths and the speed of progress is a matter for his own judgment within certain limits: his freewill differentiating him from the animal, which acts from automatic instinct. The laws of life hold him to evolutionary paths, and if, by error or evil action, he stands athwart them, Nature will put him straight through suffering. If there were a better way of correcting man and of saving him from self-destruction, while exercising his freewill, God would assuredly have chosen it. In the possession of freewill lies man's strength as well as his weakness. His spiritual emancipation has to be worked out without ceasing. His progress is marked by satisfaction, peace and happiness, often hardly noticed and elusive; but suffering is always near at hand—one false step and he is in the grips of the Angel of Sorrow.

However great our suffering from pain and sorrow may be, it is never more than we can bear. Moreover, it can have but one ultimate ending—the closing of our life in the body—but that, of course, does not involve extinction, but rather resumption of life on another plane of existence. Whatever happens, no pain, no sorrow, no adverse circumstance or experience has the power to injure our Ego, which is our permanent self, and survives all the accidents and incidents of our terrestrial career. It carries with it the experience gained and the memories of all good and evil deeds, and also of all achievements and failures. Those memories and that knowledge will be the heaven or the hell of our own making in the Beyond, until by service and by sacrifice we have purged and outgrown the transitory conditions and illusions of earth life and have attuned ourselves to the higher and permanent conditions of the spirit-side of life.

Much sorrow is caused by unhappy marriages, those ties of social, ecclesiastic and legal conventionalism, in which the heart has no part of the compact—mistaken selections, of which the best can only be made by sacrifice, by giving out all the love we are capable of to our earthly partners and by looking upon them as children of God, though we and they may live on a

totally different plane of development. There is a true soul-mate for every human Ego, which it ultimately will meet when both halves are ready to be united in mutual understanding, aspiration and happiness.

Most of our physical suffering is due to irrational and unnatural modes of living, to indulgences in eating and in drinking and numerous other causes. Pain is Nature's warning that there is something wrong with the body, and she is ever ready and willing to restore health, if we heed the danger signal. Nature is very magnanimous in the treatment of man's flagrant transgressions.

But it may be asked, Why are great disasters permitted to afflict the human race, such as the earthquakes of Lisbon, San Francisco or Messina, or the foundering of the "Titanic" or the "Empress of Ireland" with their living freight? Why should a gigantic war, such as has never before been known in the history of the human race, devastate flourishing countries, rob millions of men of the best years of their earthly life, and plunge the majority of the civilised nations into unspeakable suffering?

The cosmic philosophy of the average man is too limited, his points of view too circumscribed and low, to deal with such problems. There is no evil in natural calamities, such as earthquakes and floods—only accident. Nature's sequences of cause and effect run their course without the slightest deviation and without discrimination between what we call good and evil. There is change of form, but no destruction of substance or individuality. Even this frightful war with all its untold misery and suffering will yet prove to have been a blessing in disguise, especially if it tends to put an end to the age of selfish commercialism, and the individual hoarding of wealth, of arrogant and oppressive militarism and lust for power, and to lead instead to the recognition of the brotherhood of man, the consolidation of the human race, and to an immense growth of individual and collective spirituality. Nations, like men, are sowing in pain and sorrow, in errors and tears, but all will ultimately reap in joy—all are God's children and all will be well in the Beyond, even if not here on earth.

Let us ask ourselves what effect any great calamity or upheaval of humanity, the worst we can imagine, can have on the cosmic economy of the Universe?

When you are suffering or bereaved, in darkness or despair, go out on a clear night and look up to the starry heavens and ask yourself what effect your suffering or that of the whole human race, or the greatest cataclysm, could possibly have upon the eternal serenity of that infinite and glorious Universe? Could it cause even the faintest ripple of disturbance in the tranquil life of the infinite and eternal Cosmos? Do you feel qualified to question or to criticise the purposive goodness of the Universal Spirit, manifest as well in the aspiring spirit of man as in the glorious orbs above? Do you expect that man will ever through his finite limited mind comprehend the ways and purposes of the Infinite?

"For my thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord. For as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts."

THE SLAVERY OF HABIT.—William James admonished us never to form habits, even good ones! To follow any habit for a long time is to make grooves in your brain and in your body that will prevent the free play of spirit and the enjoyment thereof. It is well to change one's diet and one's habit of exercise as often as possible: every change means added play of the spirit.—ELIZABETH TOWNE.

SILENT INFLUENCE.—If a sheet of paper on which a key has been laid be exposed for some minutes in the sunshine, and then instantaneously viewed in the dark, the key removed, a faded spectre of the key will be visible. Let this paper be laid aside for many months, where nothing can disturb it, and then in darkness be laid on a plate of hot metal, the spectre of the key will appear. This is equally true of our minds. Every man we meet, every book we read, every picture or landscape we see, every word or tone we hear, leaves its image on our brain. These traces which in ordinary circumstances are invisible, never fade, but in the intense light of cerebral excitement start into prominence, just as the spectral image of the key started into sight on the application of heat. It is thus with all the influences to which we are subject.



OFFICE OF "LIGHT," 110, ST. MARTIN'S LANE,  
LONDON, W.C.  
SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 9TH, 1916.

## Light:

A Journal of Psychical, Occult, and Mystical Research.

PRICE TWOPENCE WEEKLY.

COMMUNICATIONS intended to be printed should be addressed to the Editor, Office of LIGHT, 110, St. Martin's-lane, London, W.C. Business communications should in all cases be addressed to Mr. F. W. South, Office of LIGHT, to whom Cheques and Postal Orders should be made payable.

Subscription Rates.—LIGHT may be had free by post on the following terms:—Twelve months, 10s. 10d.; six months, 5s. 5d. Payments must be made in advance. To United States, 2dol. 70c. To France, Italy, &c., 13 francs 86 centimes.

Wholesale Agents: Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent and Co., Ltd., 31, Paternoster-row, London, E.C., and LIGHT can be ordered through all Newsgents and Booksellers.

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## THE DREAM AND THE DEED.

The first step towards the attainment of any object is that we should have a clear idea in our minds of what we require. It sounds trite enough—that piece of moral philosophy—but it has always worked well. There is not one amongst our "successful men"—those who have risen to celebrity and riches by their own efforts—who would not endorse it as one of the secrets of his success. They had each a true picture in their minds of what they desired to do and they kept it always vividly before them. The ambition was not always, or even often, an entirely praiseworthy one, but they attained it. And if amongst the other precepts of success this method of having a clear idea in the mind has the flavour of a copy-book maxim of the "patience and perseverance" order, it is merely because we have not fully appreciated all that it means. A commonplace is no longer a commonplace when its true inwardness and its relations to the deeper side of life are examined by the creative imagination. And this particular platitude (as it may seem), when we consider it closely, has a tremendous significance. It connects us at once with one of the fundamental ideas of that "New Thought" which is only new by reason of its giving us the newer side of many old truths.

There was a time when many of us listened with a certain amount of doubt and perplexity to an idea quite frequently presented by teachers "from the other side," who were constantly preaching that everything made in the external world had to exist first as a thought in the interior life. It was a doctrine that was quite frequently derided as a mere fantasy. It made no appeal to the unimaginative. At the best it struck them as a mere figure of speech. But at last, with the advance of experimental psychical research, we gained a more definite conception of what was meant, and a clearer appreciation of its truth. It became more credible that a *thought* on its own plane of expression might be every whit as real as that which was represented by it as a *thing* in the physical world. Gradually it was "borne in upon us," as one of the necessary deductions from the doctrine, that the clearer and more definite the thought, the more effective was its action in bringing into existence the thing we desired to create. The cloudy outlines became more fixed, and the process was helped by certain perplexing phenomena in telepathic experiments. There are a multitude of these. We select only one class of examples—that in which the thought in the mind of a given person, in undergoing some particular experience, became translated in the mind of the

percipient into the idea that the event, whatever it was, had actually happened. That was a little baffling because the impression was mingled with other impressions of things which (unknown to the percipient in his ordinary state) were real and true as physical facts. Thus A, the "agent," is engaged, let us say, in skating, and B, the "percipient," hundreds of miles away receives a correct impression of the fact. But A, while on the ice, approaches perilously near to a dangerous part of it, and has a vivid mental picture of the disaster if he should unwittingly have ventured upon it and "gone through." This also is conveyed to B—not as a supposition but as a reality. He gets the impression of an accident, and unless he is supernaturally cautious he gives this out as a "fact," and when it is shown to be false (as a physical reality) he is naturally bewildered, and his faith in telepathy as something of any practical use is sadly shaken. One could multiply examples in other departments of psychical investigation—cases of mediumship, for instance, where the consultant gets what is afterwards denounced as "merely mind-reading." (It is astonishing what a trivial thing this wonder of mind-reading becomes when it is balanced against the other facts of psychical science!) When we examine the matter closely we begin to see the significant hints which it contains of the close relationship between the thought and the thing. The thing is merely the thought developed, and while it is necessary that the seer or psychic should learn carefully to discriminate between thought and fact, instead of confusing the two (it is quite feasible), it is no less necessary that the student should learn how close is the connection between them. The Napoleons of the world began with the idea of attaining an eminent position, and ended by accomplishing their thought. Yet thousands of other who started with the same ambition failed to translate their dream into reality. The successful men had behind them, in addition to their dream, certain vital factors necessary to convert it into reality—the chief one being the force of personal will. Yet all these would have been vain without that with which all the aspirants started in common—the thought. But the men who "made good" had the power to fertilise their thought, to make it strong, clear, purposeful and effective, to keep it always animated by their life-forces. The rest lacked this power—their thoughts were infertile. At the outset, had it been possible to examine the thoughts as one inspects a collection of eggs, it might have been difficult to distinguish one from the other—to say which would "hatch out" and which would not. But when the test of time has been applied and the results stand out unmistakable, it might dawn upon the investigator that whereas some thoughts had always associated with them the thinkers—the men—the others were merely floating ideas without the vitality derived from the strong souls behind, and then a clear line of distinction would emerge. He would begin to understand that thoughts *in themselves* are of no special importance, that their power is derived entirely from the minds which gave them birth, and that the true thought is inseparable from the spirit of the thinker. Here, then, we begin to touch reality on one of its many levels—spiritual, mental or physical. The thought of war or peace, of fortune or of calamity, is a thought and nothing more until the spirit comes in to give it effect and turn it into fact. The locomotive is useless without the engineer, the balloon without the aeronaut. To forget this is to become immersed in confusion and perplexity, to surrender ourselves to the tyranny of mere things—or thoughts—to become the prey of a buzzing swarm of empty cheats and deceptions. We lose sight of the reality—the spirit itself—because we have concerned



ourselves only with its veils, and have mistaken the garment for the man, the copy for the original. There is a clairvoyance beyond all the clairvoyance of the purely psychic order, an insight that transcends all the insight of those whose powers of seeing relate simply to the externals of life. It is the clairvoyance of the spirit that, seeing to the core of reality, distinguishes without effort between all that is spurious, all that is partially true, and all that is true in the highest possible degree. The child has it until in the process of earthly life it becomes misled by the confusion between things and thoughts about things. When the true vision is regained it is only, as a rule, after long and bitter experience of the deceptions of sense and appearance. The false in the world about us appeals only to that which is false in ourselves. It has no power over that which is true and which responds only to the truth. The truth may be a high or a low one—a spiritual verity or a physical fact—but it will answer only to that thought which exactly corresponds with it, and to no other. The soul which has the true thought of a physical reality gains its end—not a high one, perhaps, but the end is achieved. And so with the soul whose vision is fixed clearly on some loftier ideal; it is likewise justified of its choice. But when the mind oscillates between the two, having no clear thought about either, when it deceives itself with the idea that some quite sordid ambition can be mixed with, and sanctified by, something divine and beautiful, the result is confusion thrice confounded. We see examples around us. And so will some of those who read these lines.

#### SUGGESTION AND CLAIRVOYANCE.

##### TWO CASES OF "INDUCED" VISION.

The following incident was narrated by Mr. Hay Morgan, M.P., on the 27th ult., in the course of a sermon at Bloomsbury Baptist Church (we quote from the "Daily Sketch"):

My own brother was drowned while bathing in the River Wye. At the time my mother was on a visit to Birmingham to her brother, and my uncle. They were walking in Aston Park, and as they came within sight of water my mother fainted and was led to a seat. In a few moments she came round and said: "I thought I saw Robert in the water there and he was calling to me for help." We found afterwards that he was drowned in the River Wye at Lydbrook at that very time, and a companion who gave evidence at the inquest said that as he sank he cried aloud, "Mother, mother." Incidents of this kind happen to hundreds and thousands of people, and they show, at any rate, that personality is something different from what the mere Rationalist is naturally apt to suppose it.

Here the mental process which enabled the mother to witness an occurrence outside the range of her physical senses seems to have been started by a purely physical cause—the sight of a sheet of water. This seems to have formed a kind of nexus to place the lady's mind in touch with what was going on far away. We remember an instance of this kind of thing related to us by Miss Grey, the invalid lady referred to by Mr. E. Dawson Rogers in his "Life and Experiences." Her niece came into her room to wash. As the girl poured a stream from the ewer into the basin, the sound suddenly grew in the aunt's hearing into a roar of many waters. The room was no longer there. In its place she saw a great flood surging under an archway, by the side of which stood a tall building, apparently a factory. People were being lowered into boats; a dog in the foreground of the picture was swimming to reach its master. She had just time to take it all in and to exclaim mentally, "Why am I being shown this?" when the vision vanished. Next morning she sent for a newspaper, to find on opening it an account of the bursting of a great dam with an exact description of the scene she had witnessed, including the incident of the

#### A REMARKABLE PSYCHIC PHOTOGRAPH.

##### MR. A. G. HALES TELLS OF A SUCCESSFUL EXPERIMENT.

The well-known novelist and war-correspondent, Mr. A. G. Hales, like many others whose life stories have abounded in peril and adventure, has had his experiences of the supernatural side of things. But unlike those by whom such things are left as unresolved mysteries he has followed up the clues provided, and by providing the right "psychological climate" has obtained many definite and connected instances of the extent to which the two worlds of human life interblend and react on each other.

We give his story of the photograph reproduced on this page, as far as possible, in his own words.

My wife (he said) died nearly five years ago in Buenos Aires, South America—it will be five years on November 11th next. We have several times received messages from her, for my daughter (who is the wife of a medical man) is a psychic, and so, too, is Miss Jean Reid, a friend of the family, a lady connected with the scholastic profession, through whom the portrait was obtained. None of our family know very much



about photography. My daughter, who assisted in the photographic experiment, knows very little, and Miss Reid practically nothing.

Last year, about the beginning of December, my daughter, when living near Birmingham, was strongly impressed to ask me to get a camera, and without any clear idea of what it was for, I obtained one from a fellow-journalist engaged in photography. He got me a secondhand one, and also sent me a supply of plates. I handed them over to my daughter, and she and Miss Reid tried to get a "spirit photograph" in the ordinary way, but without result. But one day my daughter suspended a cord across the room close to the wall, and hung over it a couple of sheets—by way, apparently, of providing a background for anything that might appear—placing the camera in front of it. Shortly afterwards, while in the kitchen, she heard a voice say, "Go and take the photograph now." She supposed that it was Miss Reid speaking from another room, and went to her. But Miss Reid knew nothing of it,



and, judging that it was a "message," they went to the room where the camera was, put the slide in with a couple of plates and then looked at the sheet. But even to the eye of clairvoyance nothing was visible. It seemed rather an absurd situation. However, being hopeful of some result, notwithstanding the apparent blankness, my daughter took off the cap, exposed the plates, spoilt one by incautiously exposing it to the light, and sent the other to a photographer to develop, with the result you see. The portrait is clearly recognisable as that of my wife, wearing, however, a much brighter expression than she habitually wore before her passing away. There is no similar portrait of her in existence. It is a splendid likeness of my wife as she was two years prior to her death.

Miss Jean Reid, whom we afterwards saw, confirmed the story, mentioning that the photographer who developed the plate took it to be an ordinary photograph, but expressed his surprise at the idea of taking the face only of a sitter and concealing the rest of the figure by a sheet. It seemed to him like "wasting a plate"! Miss Reid, as the medium for the manifestation, sat close to the sheet while the photograph was taken, Mr. Hales' daughter taking off and replacing the cap of the camera. She never let the plate out of her possession until she handed it to the photographer to develop.

### THE LEGENDARY "MUMMY OF EVIL."

#### HOW THE STORIES ABOUT IT AROSE.

The "Mummy of Evil" is no more! A brief article by Marion Ryan in the "Weekly Dispatch" of the 27th ult. disposes of an interesting legend which has been thrilling imaginative minds for a considerable time past. From soon after the outbreak of the war, the directors of the British Museum have been receiving letters calling for the destruction of a certain "mummy of evil" to which was attributed that calamity and every set-back since suffered by the Allies. The sarcophagus reported to contain the mummy showed on its cover the painted figure of a high priestess, whom tradition credited with a lifetime of dreadful deeds and an influence after death which was so evil that it brought down disaster upon those she wished to injure. But it turns out that the sarcophagus is empty. On consulting Dr. Burch, the celebrated Egyptologist at the British Museum, the writer of the article referred to was informed that there was no such mummy in the Museum, and never had been, in spite of the marvellous stories that had been narrated about it—such as that it was sold by the Museum to an American millionaire; that its baleful influence caused the loss of the "Titanic," the millionaire being among the drowned; that the mummy was saved and would have come back to England on the "Empress of Ireland" if it had not sunk that vessel also. Regarding these and other fables, Dr. Burch said:—

The nucleus of all these wild and fantastic tales is this. We have the sarcophagus which once contained the mummy of a high priestess of Egypt, who may or may not have committed evil deeds in her lifetime. In some strange way the traditions which gathered about two mummies brought to England by people not connected with the museum at all became attached to the sarcophagus of the high priestess.

One of these mummies belonged to Mr. Ingram, and was in the British Museum for a time on exhibition before it was sold by the owner to the late Lady Mett. There were traditions of an evil influence wielded by this mummy which led to disasters being brought down upon various people, but I have never heard them verified.

The other mummy was brought to England by a wealthy Englishwoman. That mummy was never in the British Museum, but during the time it was in England there were stories of strange and terrible disasters said to have happened to those who came under its influence.

These legends occurred so often and so mysteriously that they seemed to go beyond the range of coincidence, and the owner of the mummy did not care to possess it any longer, so arrangements were made to take it back to Thebes and bury it.

These arrangements were carried out in due course, and the mummy of that high priestess or princess is disposed of for all time probably, but the stories of her influence for evil, which gradually leaked out, seem in some mysterious way to have attached themselves or been attached to the owner of the sarcophagus of the high priestess here in the Museum.

### A GENERATION AGO.

(FROM "LIGHT" OF SEPTEMBER 11TH, 1886.)

The Rev. James Freeman Clarke, in a discourse upon "The Broad Church," delivered before his Society in Boston last month, chose for his text Ephesians iii. 17-19, and made the point that in "the breadth, and length, and depth, and height" of the theme upon which the Apostle was then discoursing, "Paul gives us four dimensions. Physics give three—length, breadth, and depth or thickness. Each of Paul's dimensions refers to spirit, and each symbolises some spiritual movement."

We deeply regret to announce the death of Professor Butlerof, the distinguished Russian savant. We are, as yet, in receipt of none of the particulars of the sad event. In a letter which has been received by a friend of the deceased gentleman, announcing the news, the writer says: "In fact, this loss is irreparable for his friends, for science, and especially for Spiritualism," in which he was an enthusiastic and firm believer to the last; and by his labours in scientifically verifying the facts and the phenomena, he made our movement popular to some extent among his colleagues. We accord our deep sympathy with his widow, a sister of whom is now the widow of Mr. D. L. Home.

The seers and prophets of the present day are unanimous in their predictions that the world is on the eve of great disturbances, both of a moral and physical nature. The thousands of intelligences from the world of spirits that come back to comfort and instruct humanity, all join in the same prophetic warnings of commotion just ahead, such as the world has seldom or never experienced.

### HOW HYPNOTISM CURES.

Since the war, hypnotism as a curative agency has been rapidly coming into its own. "One Who Has Seen It" the initials at the foot of the article are "L. C." tells us in the "Daily Graphic" of some of the marvellous cures wrought by what he terms "the science of curative sleep." Blindness, deafness, when no physical injury has been sustained—loss of memory, all manner of nervous disorders such as insomnia, headache, stammering, hysteria, &c., alcoholism and abnormalities can—he has discovered—he cured completely by "doses" of suggestion:—

Although to practise it meant risk of dishonour to a doctor not so very long ago, hypnotism, or psycho-therapy, now that it is used extensively in military and private hospitals, has restored to health many a broken fighter "absolutely beaten out of life by shell-shock," to quote a doctor's expression. One could fill pages with accounts of marvellous cures accomplished by psycho-therapeutic methods. Captain C. E. Myers, R.A.M.C., analysing the physical results of "shell-shock," has told of three soldiers near whom a large shell burst. Their sense of hearing was practically unaltered, but the sense of sight, smell and taste were temporarily absent or greatly reduced. Badly blurred vision, an inability to taste salty and acid substances, and loss of memory (in two cases out of three) were characteristic symptoms. After treatment by hypnotic suggestion gradual improvement took place in each case. Some of the typical "shell-shock" patients being treated by hypnotic suggestion can hardly walk, some can only shuffle sideways; others suffer from a contraction of the field of vision, being able to see only straight ahead of them. Like a horse wearing blinkers; some have difficulty in speaking; others suffer from terrible nightmares. In one case the soldier remembered nothing of his family, and failed to answer the simplest questions about himself and his past. He was placed in a state of hypnosis, and immediately he was able to answer clearly all manner of questions. The operator then suggested to this patient that on waking his memory would return. After the man had been hypnotized about a dozen times in the course of three weeks his memory was restored and he was able to leave the hospital. It sometimes happens that the patient is cured after the first session; with others the suggestions have to be repeated several times. The treatment does not deprive the patient of will-power; it restores self-control. A patient contributes materially towards



his own cure; he cannot be hypnotised against his will. A weak-willed individual is the most difficult of subjects, for he lacks the power of concentration.

Now that this long-neglected curative agent is universally recognised and accepted, the time would (in "L.C.'s" view) seem to be ripe for the practising of hypnosis to be prohibited by law to all but fully-qualified operators.

### HEAVEN—HERE AND HEREAFTER.

All enter Heaven, even the worst; for Heaven is that period after death when begins the flowering of the seeds of good in which we found in the battle of life. Where is this Heaven laid? Here, round us now. For to be in Heaven is to feel God's life and beauty and wisdom, and His giving of Himself to His world. And He gives all the time, but our eyes are blind, and so often we do not see the gift of Himself which He gives us. Only in our moments of springing forward to love, to strive, to renounce and sacrifice, do we see His face; those moments—when we love our beloveds and would die for them, when our hearts long for God, when we hear music and struggle to go whither it leads us, when we throb with a life of sacrifice to dedicate to science, art, religion, to men and to God—those moments are our brief glimpses of Heaven while we live in our earthly bodies. But He desires to show us His face for years instead of moments, in a full glory and not as in a glass darkly. So He calls us to Him for a while, into His Heaven. His Heaven is not a Heavenly Jerusalem of golden streets and gates of pearl, nor wonderful hanging gardens with celestial musicians, as the Oriental religions describe; His Heaven is different to each, for God's Heaven is according to a man's heart's desire.

The artist paints pictures of beauty, the sculptor creates forms of entrancing grace, the musician creates mighty symphonies, the scientist adds to the store of the world's knowledge; nay, the atheist, too, who denying God, loved men and tried for them, he too has his Heaven by achieving mighty deeds for men. For God gives Himself to His children as they seek Him; He asks of them but one thing, that they should long. For behind each unselfish longing He stands; it is both our call for Him and the recognition of His longing for us.

—C. JINARAJAN in "Ebb's Annual."

### DEATH THE SCULPTOR.

Robertson of Brighton once said, "No man ever lived whose acts were not smaller than himself," and I have sometimes thought of these words when I have looked upon the face of the dead. There is a sublime dignity about death, and there are few faces that are not ennobled by its touch. For its gentle hand smooths out the lineaments and shows us the man as he really was. The furrows cut by the graving tool of care, the lines etched on the face by the acid of selfishness, and the wrinkles ploughed by the share of Time, are all obliterated or softened, and a quiet impressive dignity settles on the face of the dead.

When Alexander Smith, the author of "City Poems," said, "If you wish to make a man look noble, your best course is to kill him," he was guilty of a crude hyperbole; but obviously he had looked upon a dead face and seen, as others, too, have seen, the majesty and benignity of death. Max Müller had said when he wrote, "Never shall I forget the moment when for the first time I gazed upon the manly features of Charles Kingsley—features which death had rendered calm, grand, serene. . . . There remained only the satisfied expression of triumph and peace, as of a soldier who had fought a good fight, and who, while sinking into the stillness of the dimmer of death, listens to the distant sounds of music and to the shouts of victory. One saw the ideal man, as Nature had meant him to be, and one felt that there is no greater sculptor than Death."

"The Adventure of Death," by ROBERT W. MACKENZIE, M.A., M.D.

Dear beautiful death, the jewel of the just,  
And yet, as angels in some brighter dome  
Glad to the soul when man doth sleep,  
So some strange thoughts surround our wanted slumbers  
And into glory pass.—HAROLD FAGG.

## SOME SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

### A BATCH OF REVIEWS.

- "The Silent Voice" (G. Bell & Sons, London, 1s.).  
"The Spiritual Significance of the Home," by WELLESLEY TUDOR-POLE (John M. Watkins, London, 3d.).  
"Christianity and the War: Letters of a Serbian to his English Friend" (The Faith Press).  
"Why This World Crisis?" by VICTOR E. KROEMER (W. K. Thomas, Adelaide, South Australia).  
"The Women of Serbia"; a Lecture by FANNY R. COPELAND (The Faith Press, 6d.).  
"Redeeming the Time," a Sermon by His Grace the Lord Archbishop of Canterbury (The Faith Press).  
"Dreaming, a Philosophic and Scientific Treatise," by F. R. G. DUBACH (of the author, 30, Upper Bedford-place, London, W.C., 6d.).

A significant sign of the times is that many people unconnected with Spiritualism as a movement—who, indeed, know little of it—are becoming conscious of the intimacy of spirit people with the people of the earth. It is evident that the spiritual outpouring that is now taking place is very much greater even than Spiritualists are aware of. And no attempt to limit that influx, and imprison it within the narrow boundaries of any "ism" or "unity," can ever be successful. The spirit is a moving, living, active power. It overflows barriers and breaks down any restraining influences. Amidst the crash of our selfish civilisation the spirit is manifesting new, seeking fresh outlets, and, like a little leaven, is leavening the thought of the world. In "The Silent Voice," a series of impressionistic writings, one becomes aware of this. The recipient is a member of the Church of England and the writings are naturally tinged with the writer's usual notion of thought. Yet they are rich in spiritual suggestion, and give to those whose inner consciousness is alert many a peep into the inner realities of life. And those who are weary of the pressure of present events may turn to it, being sure of spiritual refreshment. Not that the war is left out—that is hardly possible in these days—but pervading the book there is a quiet optimism that cheers.

More philosophical, yet without deeply religious in the truest sense of that much abused word, is Mr. Tudor-Pole's pamphlet, "The Spiritual Significance of the Home." Says Mr. Pole: "All these events are the beginning of the birth pangs of a new birth," and that he regards as the keynote of the present hour. Undoubtedly that is so. Speaking of the experiences which those in the fighting line are undergoing, he mentions an instance of an officer who, describing his sensations on the night before his battalion went into action, said "that it was as if the material conditions and events, the ups and downs, of his ordinary life had fallen away from him. All that remained was the consciousness of the elemental facts of life. He seemed to have become as a little child, and, as he expressed it, it was as if a purifying wind had flooded through his consciousness." That is significant, and in "Christianity and the War" the writer mentions similar experiences. Is it not immensely suggestive that in the midst and presence of suffering there should come this awareness of spiritual influences and upliftment? Whenever men suffer there is sooner or later a deepening of life for them, a bringing into prominence many things which they had hitherto deemed as of little value. Certainly, true wealth consists not in what we hold, but in what we relinquish. In "Christianity and the War" there is a refreshing frankness of view. The writer does not consider that Christianity can be reconciled with war, and frankly says that the reason that it does not hinder war is because it cannot. It is not yet strong enough—that is, it is not yet realised in the souls of the peoples of the world. But, then, by the time that it is, war will have ceased quite naturally.

It is important to note that in many minds there is a sense as of the coming of a Great Presence. Many consider that a great teacher is to come and set humanity upon the right road once more. Some even expect that that teacher will be Jesus. But in "Why This World Crisis?" a series of teachings received from the other side of life, it is stated that it is not known to those who have inspired this little work that Jesus



will incarnate again, but it is distinctly stated that there is to be a great outpouring of His spirit over the world. Personally I often think that the Christ is here in our midst working as a spiritual force in many directions. Only we have not the open vision to see. If we had I think we should be astonished, and many things that we regard in a matter-of-fact manner would be revealed to us as being directly the outcome of His power. That remarkable growth of the power of woman which has occurred during the past two years is something more than an adaptation of means to end. There is a spiritual significance underlying it. We are beginning to see and learn the value of woman. No longer is she regarded as merely an appanage of man, but, as she was intended to be, a helpmeet. And after all, man naturally turns to woman when trouble assails him. It is her voice that soothes, her hand that heals. And what the world owes to woman will never be really known. Every country has its stories of woman's heroism, and the part she has played in the history of Serbia is clearly shown in "The Women of Serbia," by Fanny S. Copeland.

I have already referred to the optimism which is prevailing, despite the terrible times we live in. How great is hope! how beautiful is joy! The Archbishop of Canterbury, in his sermon "Redeeming the Time," voices the optimism which is taking possession of the minds of men. The times may be evil, but the good will triumph. The dreamers of dreams are here, the seers of visions are abroad in the world. And on that note the sermon closes. And this brings me, in closing, to the little pamphlet of P. S. G. Dubash on "Dreaming," in which he endeavours to show how we may make use of our dreams, and gives many valuable hints to the student.

W. H. E.

### SIDELIGHTS.

Mr. A. V. Peters has been confined to his room by illness for some weeks past. We are glad to learn that the famous clairvoyant is now well on the road to recovery. His temporary breakdown seems to have been mainly caused by the severe tax on his powers as a psychic which immediately preceded his illness.

We learn that Count Miyatovich is at present engaged in writing his memoirs. They will be entitled "Memories of a Balkan Diplomatist," and will be published by Messrs. Cassell & Co. They will include accounts of some notable psychic experiences, and will, in addition, have a strong interest in relation to the events which through the tangled web of Balkan history at last applied the match to the mass of combustible material in European affairs and brought about the present world-war.

Lord Hugh Cecil, speaking lately at the Church of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, W.C., recommended a study of the Apocalypse of St. John. "To many people," he said, "it is a closed book, perhaps because it is mysterious, and because the study of it has frequently given rise to foolish ideas. Nevertheless, it is valuable reading for the present age. It is a great remedy for materialism. It teaches us that outside us and beyond the perception of our senses great activities proceed, mysteriously and perhaps unintelligibly symbolised to us in that book, but the reality of which is very powerfully set before us."

At the invitation of the Phillips Film Company, a representative of *LIGHT* visited the Marble Arch Pavilion Cinema on the 29th ult. for a private view of a new photo-play, entitled "The Soul's Cycle." It is a play that deals with the subject of reincarnation and metempsychosis, introducing some beautifully mounted scenes in ancient Greece, the characters in which reappear later in modern surroundings. The acting throughout was excellent, and the pictures both clear and thoughtfully arranged. The play should prove popular in view of the growing interest in "the occult."

The "Weekly Dispatch" of the 3rd inst. follows up its previous articles on Spiritualism with an article by Major-General Sir Alfred Turner, confirming the statements of Sir Oliver Lodge, and giving instances of his own psychic experiences. Miss Estelle Stead writes on "The Possibility of Proof," and there is a short interview with Sir William Crookes, O.M. The great scientist is reported as saying, "I am absolutely convinced of the continuity of existence after

death," and his statements show that he maintains without reservation the position which he has long been understood to hold on the subject.

Correspondents from time to time send us spiritual messages unexceptionable as moral warnings and exhortations. We trust that these friends will not feel aggrieved if we do not always find these contributions available. As we wrote to one lately: "Simple exhortations to right living may be sometimes needed, even in the columns of *LIGHT*, but it seems to us that the fact of their being couched in flowery and antique language, and purporting to come from some ancient philosopher or priest, gives them no more authority and impressiveness (if so much) than if they were the utterances of the Rev. R. J. Campbell, Dr. Clifford, or the Bishop of London."

We learn from the "Rothsay Express" of the 29th ult. of the marriage at Port Bannatyne on the preceding Saturday of Mr. James Coates, jun., of Georgetown, to Miss Nettie R. Smith, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Smith, Wyndham Park. The bridegroom, a rising young engineer who has recently been employed by Messrs. Robert M'Alpine & Son, the well-known contractors, in carrying out important engineering work in Georgetown, is a son of our friends Mr. and Mrs. James Coates, of Glenbeg House, Rothsay, whose names are so closely associated with Spiritualism in Scotland, and at whose home, during her visit to this country in 1912, some of the most striking manifestations of Miss Etta Wriedt's voice mediumship took place.

Having seen in our columns some months ago an allusion to the supposed waterless condition of the planet Mars, a correspondent residing in a distant part of the globe quotes the well-known astronomer, R. A. Proctor, as an authority for a contrary view. In his book, "Other Worlds than Ours," Mr. Proctor states that "the clouds which often hide from our view the larger part of a Martian continent indicate a rainfall at least as considerable (in proportion) as that which we have on the earth"—a fact which, he points out, implies the existence of rivers. The objection that these vapours may arise from fluids other than water it would have been difficult some years ago to disprove, but "the wonderful powers of the spectroscopic have been applied to this question, and there is no mistaking the results which have been obtained."

"Fool Culture" (The Generation Press Company, 2s. 6d. net), by Mr. Kirton Varley, is a trenchant indictment of our present educational system. It belabours our professional scholasticism which—he tells us—has sadly divorced a cultural erudition from the needs of objective experience. Abstract opinion, he says, is substituted for concrete knowledge, and the concepts of the intellect for the certainties of fact. We are, in short, victims of mental fixations—"Idealisms"—and suffer from the tyranny of terms. The world of thought, therefore, by no means tallies with the world of things. And he would have us believe that the ethnic endowment of the British character is in danger of being crushed out by a dominant Latinism. So he bids us return to the actualities of life, and learn wisdom through contact with reality. Hence it is an essentially pragmatic appeal. And to Spiritualists this may be good counsel enough, if only they bear in mind that any form of pedagogy is worse than useless unless founded on the immutable basis of man's higher nature.

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22. Why did the priesthood murder the Prince of Peace?
23. Will they, who are only labelled Christians, know Him, the Prince of Peace, when He appeareth in robes of flesh and blood again?
24. Will the fallen priesthood receive Him when He appeareth—the voice of the eternities, the Prince of Peace, and in whom is the Christ?
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30. The voice of God the Father, of Angels, and men not heeded among the nations, and its result.
31. The nations at war with the Christ.
32. The nations destroying themselves.
33. Behold the dark, blinded and foolish God of the nations, how it fools them.
34. The nations losing their way, their wanderings in the midnight darkness of the age.
35. War is Hell and destruction let loose.
36. Who can and will teach the nations how to war no more?
37. The rejoicing of the Angels of our Father's presence by the beating of swords into ploughshares and the spears into pruning hooks.
38. The God of the nations giving its subjects their hearts' desire.
39. Who is to teach the nations the Brotherhood of the Race?
40. Can a fallen priesthood teach of the Fatherhood of Angels and Men, and of His wisdom who guides all worlds, globes, suns, moons, stars, heavens, and hells of heaven, and who in this earth school (and only but one of His many schools) grows His corn, fruits, grass and trees, and feeds His creation, beast, bird and fish out of the hollow of His hand? For know, O ye sons of men, that our Father is not man or angel.

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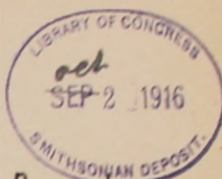
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No. 1,862.—VOL. XXXVI. [Registered as] SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1916. [a Newspaper.] PRICE TWOPENCE.

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## NOTES BY THE WAY.

Just as there are cases of haunting in which the ghost has become so familiar to the inmates of the houses concerned as to awaken neither wonder nor fear, so there are families in which supernormal faculties are so frequently exercised as to become merely a commonplace in the domestic annals. We have known intimately more than one family in which gifts of clairvoyance, prevision, and occasionally clairaudience have been handed down from generation to generation. Thus a visitor arriving unheralded—especially if he were a friend or relation—would find his coming prepared for and an extra plate laid for him if a meal was being served. The mother of the family was in this case the seer, and her gift was so often exercised that it excited little wonder in the home circle. "Mother is a witch," the young folks would tell you with a laugh. In another case the faculty was more distinctly telepathic. The sympathy between two members of the family was so perfect that when widely apart each would be conscious of the state of mind of the other. We had at least one opportunity of verifying the reality of this transference of thought. The issue of an important matter over which both were anxious and troubled was settled by one of them making a journey to town. And the result—a successful one—was instantly known to the other who remained at home, as certified to us by an independent witness who happened to be visiting the house. There is, of course, nothing extraordinary about such things to the experienced student of psychic matters. We find them interesting chiefly because they often occur amongst those who know nothing whatever of Spiritualism, and who indeed are not infrequently prejudiced against it.

As may be imagined, there is very little activity in psychical circles on the Continent, and a perusal of the journals which reach us from Continental countries suggests that they are, in some instances at least, mainly filled with translations of articles and paragraphs in *Light* or old matter reprinted. From the last issue of the "*Journal de Magistisme*," however, we gather that M. Henri Durville is giving a series of afternoon lectures at Bordeaux, two of his subjects being "*Les Sciences Mystérieuses*" and "*Le Magistisme Personnel*." An atmosphere such as that which prevails in Europe to-day has a notoriously depressing effect on psychics, and doubtless it is heavier on the Continent than in the British Isles. It is evidently sufficiently allied to the physical side of things to be affected by distress, for it will be remembered that our correspondent "Nough," writing from the front, described a zone of gloom

and depression into which those on their way to the battlefields seem to enter at a certain point on the journey. As this is an experience which he found, on comparing notes with his brother officers, is shared by others, we may accept it as a fact. It is clear, however, in view of the many examples of supernormal experiences on the battlefield—a few of which we have recorded—that it does not inhibit phenomena of the spontaneous order—visions, premonitions, and the like. But its influence in retarding the success of deliberate experiments in the same direction is doubtless strong and widespread. It banishes the necessary quietude of mind on the part of sensitives, and generally disturbs the conditions. It is an interesting speculation how far the expanse of sea which rolls between Great Britain and the scenes of conflict protects us from the contagion.

The reader who delights in tracing different lines of reasoning to their logical conclusions will find plenty of exercise for his cogitative faculty in Dr. Rudolf Steiner's "*The Philosophy of Freedom*," of which Mr. and Mrs. R. F. Alfred Hoernlé have just issued an authorised translation (G. P. Putnam's Sons, 6s. 6d.). Whether or not he will be able to accompany Dr. Steiner all the way in his argument, he will at least recognise in him an original thinker who may be trusted not to accept any dictum without careful examination, however great the name by which it is accompanied. This independence of attitude is seen in the fact that when the author makes a quotation—be it from Spinoza, Kant, Spencer, or any other philosophic writer of acknowledged reputation—it is seldom, if ever, to support his own views, but to indicate some flaw in that writer's argument, some consideration which he has overlooked. Something of Dr. Steiner's own philosophy (many will deem it sufficiently revolutionary) may be discovered from the following quotation:—

An act the grounds for which lie in the ideal part of my individual nature is free. Every other act, whether done under the compulsion of Nature or under the obligation imposed by a moral norm, is unfree. That man alone is free who in every moment of his life is able to obey only himself. A moral act is my act only when it can be called free in this sense.

Action on the basis of freedom does not exclude, but include, the moral laws. It only shows that it stands on a higher level than actions which are dictated by those laws. Why should my act serve the general good less well when I do it from pure love of it, than when I perform it because it is a duty to serve the general good? The concept of duty excludes freedom, because it will not acknowledge the right of individuality, but demands the subjection of individuality to a general norm. Freedom of action is conceivable only from the standpoint of Ethical Individualism.

To the question, "How about the possibility of social life for men, if each aims only at asserting his own individuality?" he replies that "if sociability were not deeply rooted in human nature no external laws would be able to inoculate us with it; it is only because human individuals are akin in spirit that they can live out their lives side by side." "After all," he urges, "we are men in the fullest sense only in so far as we are free."



At the present day, when woman seems at last to be coming into her own, the following passage from the above-mentioned work is of special interest ("The Philosophy of Freedom" was actually written some twenty years ago):—

The social position of woman is, in most instances, so low because it is not determined by the individual characteristics of each woman herself, but by the general ideas which are current concerning the natural function and needs of woman. A man's activity in life is determined by his individual capacity and inclination, whereas a woman's activity is supposed to be determined solely by the fact that she is just a woman. Woman is to be the slave of the generic, of the general idea of womanhood. So long as men debate whether woman, from her "natural disposition," is fitted for this, that, or the other profession, the so-called Woman's Question will never advance beyond the most elementary stage. What it lies in woman's nature to strive for had better be left to woman herself to decide. If it is true that women are fitted only for that profession which is theirs at present, then they will hardly have it in them to attain to any other. But they must be allowed to decide for themselves what is conformable to their nature. To all who fear an upheaval of our social structure, should women be treated as individuals and not as specimens of their sex, we need only reply that a social structure in which the status of one-half of humanity is unworthy of a human being stands itself in great need of improvement.

## ANCESTOR WORSHIP IN CHINA.

ITS TRUE MEANING AND HISTORY.

BY HORACE LEAF.

There is no doubt a great deal of misunderstanding about what is called "ancestor worship." The misapprehension arises largely from the fact that those who have written most about the subject, and who are regarded as authorities in this branch of comparative religion, are people either of no religious persuasion, or else biased members of some religious sect. No one thoroughly acquainted with psychic phenomena appears to have written at first hand upon the matter; yet such a person alone seems qualified to appreciate the attitude of mind associated with a keen esteem for the memory of those who have been loved and admired, and have passed to the higher life.

The misunderstanding applies not only to the so-called ancestor worshippers of to-day, but to those of the past, also. It is a habit, for example, of historians who treat of ancient Rome to deal with the great respect in which the Romans held the spirits of their deceased relatives as if it were a fetish arising out of a natural paucity of power to think on spiritual things. Since they could not raise their conception of God to that of one Supreme Being, it is concluded that they worshipped the dead. Whoever is acquainted with the high degree of culture this remarkable people attained, and the many noble thinkers they produced, will find it very difficult to believe they were unable to lift their minds and spiritual aspirations beyond worshipping, as divine, men and women, many of whom they had been familiar with during their lives.

We see parallels to this error in the ideas some ill-informed people entertain regarding the beliefs both of modern Spiritualists and the Chinese. It is still a notion among some individuals that Spiritualists worship the dead, and that to them the souls of the departed are equivalent to the idea of God.

The Chinese are notorious as "ancestor worshippers," and almost every book written on the Flowery Land contains something on the subject. Belief in the survival of death is strong among the inhabitants of China, and the missionaries of the various religions which it is sought to propagate there have often expressed the conviction that it is hopeless to expect to eradicate the ceremonies custom demands shall be paid to the dead. No religion, indeed, can hope to survive in China unless prepared to incorporate among its principles these ancient practices.

Whether the hopelessness of destroying the sacred practice is responsible for the truth coming out or not, the fact remains that eminent Christian missionaries, fully acquainted

with the views of the Chinese on this and other religious points, declare it to be not only not a vice but a virtue; and that Christianity may gain by countenancing it, because, to aver, the Chinese do not really worship the dead, but merely honour and respect them.

Archdeacon Moule says that the educated and thoughtful people of China entertain no hostile feeling towards Christianity; but unless Christians cease to make it an indispensable condition of discipleship that a Chinaman shall abandon the ceremonials and the reverence he believes to be due to his ancestors, there is little chance of Christianity flourishing among them. He once informed an educated Chinese mandarin, who had pointed out this difficulty to him, that the adoration of the dead, or at any rate, the idea that they form an intermediate order between man and God, that they are intercessors of mankind with the Supreme, and that they must be propitiated with sacrifice and offerings, are altogether opposed to the Christian conception of things.

"Sir," rejoined the mandarin with emphasis, "you are mistaken. Ancestor worship is not idolatrous. It has not the high significance you imagine. It implies merely a reverential and affectionate rite in memory of the departed, whom we desire to serve in their absence as though they were still present with us." The Archdeacon repeated this conversation to a missionary of forty years' residence in China, and this gentleman assured him that this view of ancestral worship was at least a possible one, if not altogether the truth about the matter.

This belief is, indeed, at the very foundation of Chinese morality; and it would be as useless to expect a Chinaman to refrain from worshipping the dead as a Christian to desist from praying to God. When a Christian convert refuses to join in the family service for the departed, the religious instinct of the Chinese is wounded and scandalised; for it means a refusal to care for the love and welfare of those members of the family from whom, in the course of Nature, they have for a time been separated. Besides, death is considered as increasing, not as weakening, one's power and merit.

The controversy between Christianity and "ancestor worship" in China is centuries old, and any variation of attitude has always been on the part of the Christians. The Chinese stood as firmly by the custom in the time of Ricci, a famous Italian missionary to China who introduced the Jesuits there, and who died in 1610, as they do to-day. He left rules for the direction of the Jesuits, in which he describes these ceremonies as merely civil and secular, and, as such, to be tolerated in their converts. In the year 1656, Alexander VII., persuaded by Martinez and the Tribunal of Inquisitors, accepted the view that ancestor worship was merely of a civil nature. In 1665 a conference of Jesuits was held at Canton, and they thankfully accepted Alexander's decision, "as thus the dire calamity would be avoided of shutting the door of faith in the face of innumerable Chinese, who would abandon our Christian religion if forbidden to attend to these things, which they may lawfully and without injury to their faith adhere to."

In 1693, Maigrot, Bishop and Vicar-Apostolic, issued a decree on his own authority, in opposition to Pope Alexander and the Inquisition. Six years later the Jesuits brought the matter before the Emperor as an appeal against Maigrot; and twelve months afterwards the great Emperor, K'ang-hsi, replied confirming the civil and non-religious character of ancestral rites. Pope Clement XI. refused, however, to accept this decision, and issued a bull approving Maigrot's decree. The Emperor refused to submit to the Pope, and in 1706 announced that he would countenance those only who preached the doctrines of Ricci.

"Ancestor worship is not now permitted by the Roman Catholic Missions in China; but thoughtful Chinese," says Mr. Moule, "may well ask why our Western ancestors, the saints of the Church, are worshipped and invoked, and their honoured ancestors in China are consigned to neglect, and dethroned from their ancient seats of honour and dignity." And, it might be added, especially since it would be almost impossible for the Chinese to put more devotion into their services to the dead than the average earnest Christian does when invoking the aid of a saint.



One can confidently place reliance on the opinion of the Jesuits, who were, during the period of these disputes, still the broadest-minded of the intolerant Christians of the 17th century. They would certainly not, under their well-known maxim, "For the greater glory of God," have approved of any beloved Church.

Dr. Ernst Faber, at a Missionary Conference in Shanghai a few years ago, enumerated the main features of ancestor worship that were contrary to Christian teachings. They are extremely interesting to the student of the occult, as they include almost all the best established facts of spirit-communion, and the philosophy discovered through it. He condemns it, holding that it implies intercourse with the world of spirits, and with powers of Hades as well as of darkness, forbidden by the Divine law. It is also bad because it is destructive of a belief in future retribution, adjusted by God's righteousness. And, finally, it is a source of geomancy, necromancy, and other superstitions.

It is not difficult to recognise the rule upon which the doctor formed his judgment; and if the terms in which he expresses himself were altered to more homely language, we should obtain a better idea of the Chinaman's views upon the subject. By the "powers of Hades" and of "darkness," he no doubt means those who because of their unbelief in his specific doctrine are consigned to the nether regions. According to the logic of the "heathen Chinese," such a condition of Divine justice is unthinkable. His inclination has always been in the direction of reward and punishment according to the nature of the deeds committed—an idea which he translates into his civil code, for the well-known Chinese method of making the punishment fit the offence is based upon that principle.

At the same conference several missionaries took a broader view than Dr. Faber, maintaining that ancestor worship had its origin in true filial piety, and that these rites have a very beneficial effect on China. They have tended to consolidate and perpetuate the nation. Dynasties come and go, but the family remains from year to year and century to century. Ancestor worship, said one speaker, "has kept up in a very marked manner the morality of the people, and keeps it up still; so that socially and morally China presents a very different aspect from all other non-Christian countries." Yet another speaker: "There is something noble and beautiful in ancestor worship. The essence of it is filial piety, which is part of the decalogue; and let it not be called idolatry pure and simple."

I cannot refrain from quoting Archdeacon Moule once more, as his observations are so illuminating:—

The illustrious Washington appears in the *lacunius* of every American drawing-room. Westminster Abbey, "that temple of silence and reconciliation," as Macaulay calls it, must seem to the Chinese eyes far more idolatrous than one of their great ancestral temples: for the Abbey is full of images, and ancestral halls have none.

It seems, therefore, that we are no more justified in expecting the Chinese to cease reverencing their departed friends and relations, than they would be in demanding that we should destroy the photographs and paintings or statues of our deceased parents, children and friends; and sweep from churches, cathedrals, abbeys, and public places all the representations in stone and glass of the heroes, martyrs, and worthies whose memories we consider deserving of commemoration. And no doubt the Chinese are warranted in feeling as indignant as we should feel if such an outrageous demand were made. Yet that is what many earnest but ignorant people require of the inhabitants of the Flowery Land, under the threat of the severest spiritual penalties for non-compliance.

As time goes on we may justly hope that the truth of spirit-communion, and all it connotes in philosophy and religion, will be better appreciated by those whose special task is to tell the wonderful story of man's search after the things of the Spirit. Then perhaps China and other countries that maintain, as an important part of religion, the so-called worship of the dead will be properly understood. A knowledge of psychical science

is absolutely essential, however, before that can happen. What is a mystery to the uninformed is perfectly plain to the Spiritualist. Take the following example. Archdeacon Moule informed us that he

passed by a low hut one day among the hills, before which a great crowd stood, some of them pressing through the dark door, but most of them listening and watching outside. The crowd moved as I approached, and I saw a young man saying to and fro in great emotion, and muttering some incoherent words. He was possessed, they told me, by the soul of a man recently dead; and with hushed and almost awestruck interest they were listening to the words from the underworld.

This is a clear case of spirit control, and similar instances occur thousands of times in the course of a year in England, as well as other countries. To the reverend gentleman it conveys nothing of its true significance, but is regarded by him as a further sign of the ignorance of the Chinese of the truth about religion. And if by any chance it should happen that intercourse with a spirit-world is possible, it must of necessity be an "underworld."

No Chinaman regards his parents as gods, or worships or prays to them as divine beings. He remembers the injunction of the "Book of Rites"—

Although your father and mother are dead, if you propose to yourself any good work, only reflect how to make their names illustrious and your purpose will be fixed. If you propose to do what is not good, only consider how it will disgrace the names of your father and mother, and you will desist from your purpose.

Or of the Odes, which say:—

Think always of your ancestors:  
Talk of and imitate their virtues.

We Westerners, if we are mindful of the love and debt we owe those who have gone before, are as much ancestor-worshippers as the Chinaman is to-day, and as the ancient Romans appear to have been. It would be a sad thing if at the thought of our distinguished dead we did not feel a glow of reverent pride, or if, when our minds turned to our lost loved ones, we experienced no concern for their welfare and no desire for their continued love and affection.

Near to the place of death his body lies  
Buried by us. Oft round the blessed grave . . .  
We mean to gather when the shadows fall,  
Or noontide stillness consecrates the field,  
To sing our praises—not to the dear dead,  
Though venerable, but rather to his name  
Whose life was victory.

#### THE WESTON PSYCHIC PHOTOGRAPH.

The Rev. Charles L. Tweedale writes:—

I am sending with this a copy of the photograph and an enlargement for the inspection of such readers of *LIGHT* as may wish to see it. By careful printing, intensification, and enlargement, I have been able to produce on paper all that can be seen on the negative, and the result is convincing. One glance is sufficient to show the futility and untenable nature of the various "explanations" which have been advanced to account for the image of the bearded man. Especially is the theory that it was caused by "a flower, frond or branch with leaves, much out of focus," seen to be untenable and absurd. On this head Sir W. F. Barrett, to whom I have shown the photo and enlargement, and who is one of the Council of the S.P.R., says: "Certainly the enlargement shows the head clearly, and is very striking; I quite agree no flower or shrub could have produced this appearance." This, I think, will be the opinion of anyone who carefully examines the photograph. The negative is open to inspection at my Vicarage by appointment.

[The image of the bearded man has always been quite clear and plain to us in the various prints Mr. Tweedale has forwarded. Unfortunately only a very few of the persons to whom we have shown it admit the reality of the image. Had it been so definite that no one could have denied seeing it (however he might explain its appearance), we should have had no scruple in reproducing the picture.—  
ED. *LIGHT*.]



OFFICE OF "LIGHT," 110, ST. MARTIN'S LANE,  
LONDON, W.C.  
SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 16TH, 1916.

## Light:

A Journal of Psychical, Occult, and Mystical Research.

PRICE TWOPENCE WEEKLY.

COMMUNICATIONS intended to be printed should be addressed to the Editor, Office of LIGHT, 110, St. Martin's-lane, London, W.C. Business communications should in all cases be addressed to Mr. F. W. South, Office of LIGHT, to whom Cheques and Postal Orders should be made payable.

Wholesale Agents: Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent and Co., Ltd., 31, Paternoster-row, London, E.C., and LIGHT can be ordered through all Newsagents and Booksellers.

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## TOWARDS SIMPLICITY.

With every circumstance of terror and anguish civilisation is being shifted on to a new plane of action, and all its old standards of life revised. The changes which began a generation or more ago in the spiritual and mental life of the race have filtered down to physical existence, and, meeting there with the greatest resistance, have shown us the dynamic power of the finer forces in cracking and shattering to atoms the stubborn and inert material that sought in such futile fashion to obstruct their course. In vain is the cry that this ancient *régime* or that venerable tradition shall be saved from the wreck. Nothing that has not virtue in it may survive the great ordeal. We are seeing to-day another aspect of the law of the "survival of the fittest." The law is not changed, but we are beholding it more clearly. For the survival of the fittest means, as it always has meant, the survival of the spiritually fittest. It is merely a larger reading of the law. So long as we confined our view of Survival to purely material issues our view of life was "bound in shallows and in miseries." We had ignored the essential element in the problem, and it came through in innumerable ways to confuse and confound all the conclusions of the short-sighted and superficial amongst us. A once great nation famed for its thoroughness carried that quality so whole-heartedly into its false philosophy of Survival as to bring down its whole national structure in ruins about its ears. And the destruction thus wrought has reacted with tremendous effect on all the falsities built into the fabric of civilisation at large. The lesson is written large in the heavens for all to read. There are, indeed, many lessons; some of them we have endeavoured, in a modest but hopeful spirit, to convey in these columns from the standpoint of Spiritualism.

To many of us it has always seemed that the fact of human survival was inseparable from everything which related to human progress, whether here or hereafter; that it was a central truth, concentration upon which inevitably brought out an infinity of smaller truths which confirmed and reinforced the fundamental one. It is not sufficient to say: "We have solved the riddle of Death and therefore nothing else is of any real account." Death is only mighty, mysterious and momentous so long as it is not understood. When its true meaning has been probed it falls into its place as a mere incident in the infinite progress of Life, and it becomes apparent that Life is our true study, a study illuminated and transfigured with the light let in by the removal of an old barrier. And as we contemplate the matter it becomes more and more apparent that from one standpoint the key to the whole question of human

existence—for Death, it transpires, is only one, though an important one, of the problems—is the removal of all the barriers that stand between us and the letting in of light—and life. The problem and the solution are one—Life is its own interpreter.

The key to the problem of disease, for example, is the removal of all obstruction to the free play of natural forces. "Tis life of which our nerves are scant." Disease comes of the hindrance, the inhibition, of life. Pain and suffering mark the rebellion of the life principle against all the checks imposed by ignorance and folly. The pent-up forces chafe and press until at last they burst through and the offending organism is shattered, with the result of illness or premature death. The same process, gentle and orderly in its action, is seen even when life runs its normal course, but in that case the links are snapped gradually one by one, and when the last link goes the man is ripe for the change. The law prevails equally in the mental and spiritual realms, but its action on those higher planes is more tremendous when opposed, and more delicate, beautiful and beneficent when the soul of the individual or of the community is wise enough to understand the law and to co-operate with it.

The whole philosophy of thousands of books and interminable torrents of oratory directed towards the question may all be expressed in one word—OBEDIENCE. Life here, as everywhere, is divinely simple, so simple indeed as seldom to be understood by those who have perversely thought themselves beyond Simplicity. Hence it is that the wisest Instructors of the race—Jesus Christ in particular—have founded so much of their teaching on the idea of the Child—"babes and sucklings," "A little child shall lead them." Even this idea, in the great capacity of men to misunderstand the plainest precepts, has been perverted, and we have found the *childish* spirit taking the place of the child-like one in human affairs.

The great world-movement of to-day is taking us violently and painfully back to the old simplicities from which—wise in our conceit and with a froward ingenuity in the construction of false and complicated systems—we have departed so long. We return to simplicity of living, simplicity of thinking, to the simplicity of Nature herself. We leave behind that spurious simplicity, the simplicity of the simpleton, the gull and dupe of all the fictions and phantoms, shadows and shams, that mask a Reality never to be obscured from the eyes of those who, seeing life as it is, see it with the eyes of the child.

## A GENERATION AGO.

(FROM "LIGHT" OF SEPTEMBER 18TH, 1886.)

An intelligent correspondent labours with us to show the inconsistencies of modern creeds, and contends that the proper gravitation point of Spiritualism is opposition to Christianity. The gravitation point of a positive truth cannot be in negation and organised opposition to Christianity would be the most sublime folly. Why oppose anything which performs a good work, however imperfectly it may be done? Christianity is largely the preparatory school of Spiritualism, and it is certain that thousands of good Christians have been transformed into excellent Spiritualists. To make this change it is not necessary for man or woman to renounce religious belief, for Christ and John and Paul were among the best spiritual mediums that ever lived, and the religion which fully recognises them must be essentially Spiritualistic, provided it is true to its best teachings. No evidence of the truth of Spiritualism equal to that recorded in the New Testament Scripture can possibly address itself to the Christian mind unacquainted with modern Spiritualistic phenomena. The doctrines of Jesus are sublime truths; the Christ-principle is the embodiment of love and goodwill to humanity.



## SIR GEORGE KEKEWICH ON THE EVIDENCES FOR HUMAN SURVIVAL.

The "Weekly Dispatch" of the 10th inst. contains an important interview with Sir George Kekewich in which that eminent scholar states his own position in regard to the subject of survival after death as that of an inquirer waiting to hear more before coming to any positive conclusions. At the same time he owns that it is a subject in which he has always been keenly interested, particularly in view of certain striking experiences which have befallen his friends and himself. Some of these he proceeds to narrate, beginning with an incident that took place at the death of his mother.

My sister, who was in the room at the time of the dissolution, came to me and said: "When our mother died a shape with red hair hovered over the bed. This is all the more inexplicable to me, for, as you know, our mother had an aversion to people with red hair."

I replied, "Our mother, it is true, had an aversion to people with red hair, but I ought to tell you that she had a younger sister of whom she was passionately fond who had red hair. This sister died, and our mother had never ceased to regret her death, and if there was anyone to whom she would wish to be reunited it was her." The inference seemed to be that this sister had come to escort our mother to the other side.

There is a lady of my acquaintance who at a death bedside of her mother saw a dark apparition vanish through the window, and she is now a confirmed believer in survival after death. What impresses you most about her and others who hold similar views is that they are the last people on earth likely to suffer from hallucinations, being matter-of-fact, common-sense, shrewd-minded persons.

A doctor living in London known to us tells me that since the death of the late Mr. W. T. Stead he has spoken to him in one of the rooms of his house. I asked the doctor where Mr. Stead was now, and he said his spirit was traversing the Flanders battlefield in order to help those of our soldiers who were passing. He also is not the kind of person whom you could lightly dismiss either as a crank or one suffering from the visions associated with an overwrought brain.

I do not pretend to dogmatise from this evidence, of whose *bona-fides* I am convinced. All I profess to believe from my own experience and the experiences of those whom I can trust is that there *is* survival on the other side. If I go further at all it is to affirm the belief that in some cases there has been communication across the gulf.

People who are prepared to accept the theory that life is indestructible are yet not satisfied that after the passing on earth personality or identity persists in the new mode of life expression. But if we believe in survival after death we must believe in the saving of identity to some extent at least. Otherwise what does it matter to you or me whether there is anything beyond the grave?

The persistence of the idea of immortality is in itself a strong presumption that the survival after death is a conscious survival. There is belief in immortality in all ages, belief in the immortality of the human will which cannot be satisfactorily explained away.

A little further on he repeats the foregoing affirmation as to his own mental attitude, with slightly added emphasis.

The element of fraud and hallucination notwithstanding, I am prepared to subscribe to the view that communication across the gulf can be established and has been established, and, as I have already said, I am confident there is survival on the other side, and though I have no clear view of the kind of survival it is hard to resist the conclusion it must carry with it to a more or less perfect degree survival of identity.

Some of the sanest men in the world have to my knowledge been perfectly satisfied with the power of the medium to bridge the gulf between the two worlds. I know of a very famous canon whose name was up to the time of his death on every lip—he died some months back—who had not the slightest doubt that for a long time, through the good offices of a very celebrated American medium, he had been able to communicate at regular intervals with his wife on the other side. Passionately fond of her, this belief that she awaited him across the gulf tended to comfort him exceedingly and brace him to await with composure his own passing.

I remember, somewhere in the 'pineties, going with a friend to a table-rapping demonstration in Maida Vale. So many raps represented particular letters in the alphabet, and the answers that were sought were thus slowly spelt out.

My friend watched the demonstration with interest for a little while, but he was an obstinate unbeliever. Finally he

turned to me and said, "I will believe there is something in this if the medium will answer one question satisfactorily: 'Where was I on December 1st, 1885?' " This was a distinct poser, as he meant it should be, but to his unfeigned surprise the table spelt out "La Porte," and he said "Quite right."

Now this was the last place on earth fraud could have suggested, for "La Porte" is a remote little hamlet in the Rocky Mountains of America.

I asked for an answer to be given on the table whether I would succeed in life, being at the time only an examiner for the Board of Education. The table rapped "You will succeed." As I subsequently became Permanent Secretary to the Board of Education I suppose to some extent it is true to say I did succeed and the table was right.

## KNOWLEDGE ACQUIRED IN DREAMS.

In the course of his paper in the "National Review," entitled "Is Survival Provable?" from which we gave some extracts in our issue of the 19th ult. (see page 265), Mr. J. Arthur Hill cites the following striking instances of dream inspiration:—

Dr. Herman Hilprecht, professor of Assyrian in the University of Pennsylvania, was working at the transliteration and translation of a stone-inscription of Nebuchadnezzar I. He accepted at that time Professor Delitzsch's explanation of Nebuchadnezzar's name—"Nebo protect my mason's pad or mortar-board"—i.e., my work as a builder. But during a disturbed night Dr. Hilprecht dreamt that it should be "Nebo protect my boundary"; and he then saw on reflection that this was a legitimate rendering, "Kuddurru" being derivable from "Kadaru," to enclose. He published the new translation, which has since been universally adopted.

Later on, Dr. Hilprecht was trying to decipher two small fragments of agate which were supposed to belong to the finger-rings of some Babylonian. The cuneiform inscriptions were broken up, and little could be made of them except that their date was probably 1700-1400 B.C. Then Dr. Hilprecht had a remarkable dream. A Babylonian priest of pre-Christian Nippur appeared to him and explained the whole thing. "The two fragments . . . are not finger rings, and their history is as follows: King Kurigalzu (ca. 1300 B.C.) once sent to the temple of Bel . . . an inscribed votive cylinder of agate. Then we priests suddenly received the command to make for the statue of the god Ninib a pair of earrings of agate. We were in great dismay, since there was no agate as raw material at hand. In order to execute the command there was nothing for us to do but cut the votive cylinder into three parts, thus making three rings, each of which contained a portion of the original inscription. The first two rings served as earrings for the statue of the god; the two fragments which have given you so much trouble are portions of them. If you will put the two together you will have confirmation of my words." Next morning Dr. Hilprecht re-examined the fragments, and found that the information was correct. The inscription was: "To the god Ninib, son of Bel, his lord, has Kurigalzu, pontifex of Bel, presented this."

But (adds Mr. Hill) no psychological researcher has claimed this as proof of the genuineness of the Babylonian spirit visitant. Professor Newbold, who reports the case, quite rightly regards it as a case of subconscious reasoning, dramatised by Dr. Hilprecht's dream-self. Of course if something of the kind occurred to a person possessing no knowledge of archaeology, it would be more remarkable, but even then it would not prove the "spirit's" reality, for (1) it would be impossible to prove the percipient's ignorance of the subject, and (2) even if that ignorance seemed extremely likely, we are still unable to prove that the percipient's subliminal powers were not the cause or channel, by some sort of inspiration such as occurs when other new pieces of knowledge come into the world—scientific discoveries, or spiritual perceptions of artist or of poet. Or it might quite reasonably be attributed to telepathy from the dreaming self of some archaeologist who, unlike Professor Hilprecht, forgot his dream-solution before waking.

THE BORE, I suppose, hath existed in every age. How insufferable he is! Never hath he aught to say, yet doth he insist on saying it.—S. K. BUKHSH.

"PRIDE is one of the seven deadly sins; but it cannot be the pride of a mother in her children, for that is a compound of two cardinal virtues—faith and hope."—DICKENS.

\* Full details in "Proceedings," Society for Psychical Research, Vol. XII, p. 13 *et seq.*



## "NEW" SPIRITUALISM AND NARROW THEOLOGY.

MRS. BESANT REPLIES TO THE "CHURCH TIMES."

Mrs. Besant, in the August "Theosophist," has some caustic comments on a recent alarmist article in the "Church Times" which, beginning by stating that "the Rationalist attack on Christianity has spent its force," warned its readers that a "far more formidable danger has arisen from a different quarter." What that quarter is the writer thus indicated:—

Religion can only be killed by religion. Consequently we view with considerable apprehension the rise of the new Spiritualism which professes to be a religion and is now preached everywhere by ardent and enthusiastic disciples. The soil was ready for these new missionaries. England is full of mourners at the present day, many of them with no strong Christian faith, but with more than a tinge of superstition, and eager to grasp at any chance to communicate with the departed. Such persons are often an easy prey for the Spiritualist or Theosophist teacher. A regular propaganda is on foot, and it is a propaganda that has plenty of money behind it. The literary side of the movement is not neglected, and proselytism is carried on everywhere. . . . Even Theosophical Sunday-schools are beginning to spring up. It is true that the average Christian regards the new movement with scorn and often a certain amount of derision, but we must not allow this to blind us to the fact that its adherents are increasing in numbers and that it is perhaps the only religion that is making headway at the present time.

On this Mrs. Besant remarks:—

The "New Spiritualism which professes to be a religion" is a little vague. Spiritualism we know, as represented by LIGHT and other periodicals, and the Spiritualist Society is registered under the Companies Act. But this is not "new." A little lower down the paragraph shifts off to Theosophy, and the implication would be that by the "New Spiritualism," Theosophy is meant. This is quite likely when we consider the woolly nature of the ordinary Christian brain with regard to all systems that are not entirely and exclusively Christian.

This view is strengthened by the statement that "it is a new Gnosticism, in fact," which is true of Theosophy but not of Spiritualism. Again, a "beneficed clergyman of the Church of England" is "a victim" of this "New Spiritualism," and of him it is said by a member of his congregation: "There is not an article of the Christian Faith that does not emerge transmuted from the alembic of his deep philosophic insight and adapted to the altered needs and experiences of modern life." This is so characteristic of Theosophy, which is, in truth, "Esoteric Christianity," that we think, on reading it, that we have fixed the writer down. But he also writes that "there is every probability that the practice of Spiritualism brings man into immediate contact with devils." This is certainly not true of Theosophy, which objects to mediumship, and, whilst Spiritualism uses the séance-room, great efforts are made by all instructed Spiritualists to protect it, and, as a matter of fact, the messages through mediums are often commonplace and uninteresting, except to the persons who are communicated with, for the very simple reason that the majority of people on the other side, as on this, are commonplace, and their interests are important to themselves rather than to others. They are certainly not "devils."

This very ignorant writer proceeds: "Spiritualism starts with the assumption—and it is a pure assumption—that all the powers in the spiritual world are good and friendly to man, and that there is no danger in setting up communication."

This is false, both of Theosophy and of Spiritualism. Spiritualistic literature is full of warnings against the evil beings on the other side, as on this, and one duty of the "angel-guardians" is to protect the séance-room against them. Theosophy recognises the dark powers, and warns people not to break through the veil between this and the astral world until by knowledge and purity of life they can face and conquer them. The writer says that "the clergy of the Church of England are not strong in theological knowledge, because they seldom get a really scientific training in theology." We suspect that the writer of this article must be a clergyman of the Church of England.

For ourselves we do not think true Christianity—by which we understand acceptance of and obedience to the teaching of Jesus—stands in any peril from either Spiritualism or Theosophy. In the course of the same article which Mrs. Besant criticises, Churchmen were warned, if we recollect aright, against the danger of under-estimating the enormity of that

most grievous of all sins, the sin of heresy—a sin of which St. Paul was himself accused by the orthodox religious teachers of his time. It would appear to consist generally in honest disagreement with certain dogmas which those who have been accustomed to regard themselves as the guardians of the true faith hold to be of supreme importance. In the present day would doubtless be considered in some quarters to include rejection of the doctrines of the resurrection of the physical body and of eternal punishment. If it is for these that the "Church Times" fears, it does well to fear.

## THE CHIEF GOOD.

BY CIVIS MUNDI.

I knew the mass of men concealed  
Their thoughts, for fear that if revealed  
They would by other men be met  
With blank indifference, or with blame reproved.  
—MATTHEW ARNOLD.

Conventionalism is the death of inspiration and insight, the grave of freedom, the charnel-house of all progress in psychological knowledge. How can a man think new thoughts and rise up to new ideas, much less give them to the world, if his mind is constantly set within the narrow boundary of what others will think and say?

If God appeared to some of us as He appeared in Biblical times to the patriarchs of old, and laid upon us some command which through its unusual nature would expose us to the risk of public censure, I dare venture to say that we should hold tightly to the hand of Convention, and leave God waiting upon the mountain top whither we are too weak, too cowardly, to follow.

It is not really God of whom human beings are so afraid—not of the Lord Almighty, but of the little god of Convention. It is not so much the thought that God knows all their faults and shortcomings, which fills them with fear and dismay, but dread of the world's critical opinion, and more especially of those in their own circle of society.

No matter how strong the natural instinct or spiritual insight of some people, or how great their longing for something better, some higher knowledge than that they at present possess, if the gaining of it means the losing of the hand of Convention, the setting forth on a path of discovery unsought by the orthodox crowd who are content to believe whatever is poured into their ears rather than take the trouble to think for themselves, then they will never dare to take one step towards the furtherance of their desire.

Why is it that people generally are so afraid or ashamed to speak about the spiritual side of their nature? Why is it that the best, the only true and lasting part of mankind is treated more as if it were something to hide away and be ashamed of (a sort of skeleton in the cupboard), than as that which it really is, the living being which can never pass into nothingness? People generally are ready enough to speak about their material selves; but if a man dares to speak out concerning the spiritual life within him, he is looked upon as some sort of curiosity, and often treated more as if he were in league with all manner of strange and pernicious powers, than as if (which is really the case) he is only interested in what surely is the most interesting of all things to him, that individual self of his from which he can never be free, and which can never pass away. If men were only more interested in the "encircling spirit world"; if they could only get more firmly rooted into their minds the knowledge that their spiritual life is the only life which is of real and lasting value to them, and that that life can never die, then mankind would have a brighter and better outlook before it. If a man once becomes firmly possessed of the knowledge that there is no such thing as "death," surely the sins and shortcomings which so horrify the world would be less prevalent. Take the cases of suicide, for instance. What man would deliberately seek to take his own life if he were absolutely certain that there is no death? If a man were daily living in the sure knowledge of the "Life Everlasting," would he seek to destroy what must surely perish when its time comes, merely to hurry the indestructible part into a new phase of existence?



The primal idea, the idea which is of most importance to instil into men's minds, is this everlastingness of their spiritual being, because all other ideas will naturally be subservient to that which takes the foremost place in the scale. When a man reasons out the pros and cons of any proposition, he will naturally reason from the standpoint of the primal idea in his own mind, and if that idea is concerned with the knowledge that all he does now in this present will go towards the making or marring of his eternal future, a future from which there is no escape, it ought so to influence his judgment as to make him strive to make life a better thing, to raise it ever higher, fitting his eternal being for a more exalted sphere than this world of material atoms can readily perceive. With the thought constantly before him of life that can never end, would man willingly and steadily persist in making it a worse thing day by day, knowing that the weak pandering to his selfish and material desires will make his next existence harder and less beautiful than this?

And there is no standing still in this spiritual existence. We are either raising, strengthening, purifying these spirits of ours, or we are debasing them. We are fitting them for a future the character of which—whether better or worse than this—rests with ourselves.

And when we judge ourselves, we only need one rule to go by, the simple rule of right. Convention is nothing; the opinion of others is nothing; orthodox creeds in themselves are nothing, for with the acceptance of one we must reject numbers of others; but that which is everything is to think rightly, to do rightly, to live rightly, to raise the spiritual life within us higher and higher, until it is finally merged into that Perfection of Perfection from which it emanated, and to which a Higher Power than this world perceives will surely draw it if only we trust Its guidance.

#### A VISION AND A DEATH WARNING.

Mrs. J. Emerson sends us the following account of two personal experiences of the supernatural. She attributes the first of the two occurrences to telepathy, but as to the second she invites explanations from fellow-readers:—

The first experience (and I may say the first I ever had of the kind) was that in a dream a young soldier—in France at the time—came to me, his right leg in bandages, saturated with blood and blood dripping from his right arm. The following week I heard of his death from serious wounds to his right leg and arm; he was wounded on the day that I had the dream at night.

The second experience was in the afternoon immediately preceding the evening on which an old gentleman residing next door to me died. I had been sitting up with his wife part of several nights, and promised her I would go in to her when the end came. At two in the afternoon I was in a room at the front of my house, when suddenly there came a noise as if a stone was thrown with great violence against the middle pane of the window. Again, as I left the room (which I did shortly after), came a second sound, as if a stone hit the glass on the balcony door. This was followed, as I came downstairs, by a sound as if the bannister rail was hit with a hammer. Finally, when I got downstairs and went into another room, there came a fourth sound as of a stone thrown at the window. I must admit that until I had these two experiences I was very sceptical on such matters, though I have been a regular reader of *LIGHT* for twelve months.

To hear great music is to be baptised with power from within.—COLIN McALPIN, in "Hermaia."

**SPIRITUALISM IN EASTBOURNE.**—This popular seaside resort, which numbers among its residents many convinced Spiritualists as well as persons interested in the phenomena and philosophy of our subject, has hitherto been without any centre at which those friends can associate, and from which Spiritualism can make its appeal to the outside public. It is felt that a Society is much needed, and to assist in starting one, Mrs. E. A. Cannock, the well-known speaker and clairvoyante, has kindly promised to give an address and clairvoyant descriptions at 3 p.m., next Tuesday (the 19th inst.), in the Gallery Cinema, Terminus-road. The presence and help of any of our readers residing or staying in the neighbourhood will be gladly welcomed.

## SPIRITUAL WEALTH AND SPIRITUAL CRUSADERS.

By HENRY FOX.

Wealth means well-being; consequently spiritual wealth means spiritual well-being. The only well-being recognised by the world generally is worldly well-being; so that wealth has come to mean in the general use of the word, material prosperity in possessions and the luxuries of modern life. But this does not necessarily or frequently carry with it real well-being. A distinction must therefore be made. Well-being is an affair of the spiritual nature of man. It is spiritual health, progress and enlightenment, and so we must distinguish spiritual wealth from the so-called wealth of Mammon. The two things are entirely different, and very seldom found together. Meanwhile it is worthy of careful consideration by all Spiritualists whether they recognise fully this distinction. If they do, they will be content to be poor, as indeed most of them already are; and if so, this view of Mammon must affect their outlook on the world and its great problems of social reconstruction which we are being gradually forced to face.

This great European war is destroying the material "wealth" of the world as thoroughly as it is increasing its spiritual wealth.

As for the material wealth of the world, and of this island of Britain in particular, it is obvious that another year of this war can only be successfully carried on by England at the total cost of the greater part of her national wealth, and when the war ceases it will all have to be paid for. The whole of the wealth consumed by shells and guns and armies and navies and munition workers is gone for ever. England can only pay for the war not by savings for war purposes, but by increased production of new wealth. This alone involves a profound social reconstruction of her past civilisation and new principles of distribution.

Are Spiritualists prepared to take their proper part in this reconstruction? It often seems as if Spiritualists had no interest in these mundane affairs. Their attitude is one of indifference so long as their private means of livelihood in their own small way is not affected. But it will be affected, and they will be affected also. They cannot escape, and it is not right that they should.

Let us take stock of their possessions and observe how they stand. They are not, generally speaking, the possessors of large fortunes, but they have great possessions of real wealth. Are they going to keep this to themselves, or are they going to share it with others? Are they going to stand still and look on, or are they going to work at this crisis to bring about a spiritual reconstruction of our new civilisation? This is an important consideration for them and for their country, too, for to attempt to deal effectually with a spiritual being like man without main reference to his spiritual nature is as futile as to attempt to make solid foundations for a new house on an unfathomable and shifting sand.

Spiritualists know themselves to be possessed of knowledge about man's nature and destiny, which all the experience of life is confirming. This war is confirming it every day. It is at bottom warfare between spiritual views of human life, carried on in the materialistic shape of armaments and explosives. The real issue is a spiritual one, and the real result will be a spiritual revolution which will manifest itself in new views of real wealth. The outward sign of the inward revolution will be the increased value of spiritual knowledge of themselves to the makers of the new material wealth of the future.

Spiritualists should be prepared to enlist in a modern spiritual army and to organise their forces to work with the spiritual forces which are guiding this war. These spiritual forces, unseen but not unfelt by the whole world, are seeking reinforcements here. They are appealing to those who know to spread their knowledge to those who know not, and to learn still more. They call for a new crusade and for new crusaders. A crusader must be prepared for self-sacrifice to the very end, else he is no true crusader. He must be prepared for poverty and persecution, but if he win for himself



and others new light and illumination he will be richer in peace of mind, in happiness, and in life-giving health of mind and body than if he were the most successful war contractor, or the most brilliant leader of office-seeking political parties known in modern history.

The revelations of Spiritualism have already done much to reconstruct the private lives and happiness of its followers. It must reconstruct the public life and happiness of the nation with the powerful aid of this terrible war.

### SIDELIGHTS.

It is suggested that Mr. A. G. Gardiner, the editor of the "Daily News," has become a Spiritualist because of the appearance in that paper of an article headed, "King Carol calls a conference of all parties." King Carol, of course, died two years ago.

"Pearson's Weekly" offers a prize of two guineas for the most interesting case of a dream or vision in connection with the fate of soldiers at the front. It seems that the editor of the journal has received many letters telling of experiences of this kind from friends and relatives of soldiers on active service.

"Punch" notes an item in a provincial paper to the effect that at Blackpool "a palmist was fined £ for pretending to tell fortunes," and remarks that as the palmist only pretended to tell fortunes, the magistrate only pretended to fine her. Our own comment is that the case seems to have been complicated with examples of the "missing word" or the vanishing trick.

Miss Prentice writes us that while agreeing on the whole with our leading article on page 292 on "The Dream and the Deed," she thinks we have overlooked one factor—viz., destiny. "An individual may apparently deserve success and never get it, because, as Shakespeare tells us, the tide must be taken at the flood, otherwise the result is calamitous." We admit that it certainly does seem that some are the elect of destiny, born to attain high place, however little they themselves may do towards achieving it.

The statement of a correspondent on page 280 that Christ's teaching regarding death and spiritual progress "is more satisfactory than Swedenborg's" has drawn a remonstrance from the Rev. G. A. Sexton. "Such a remark," he writes, "could only be made by one whose study of Swedenborg is of the most superficial kind, for the simple reason that Swedenborg does not give any teaching as his teaching; his works are explanations of the Lord's teaching. . . . To the references to ideas of Hell as either a 'fixed fiery abode' or 'mental and spiritual hells almost as terrible' he replies that 'neither of these are Swedenborg's explanation or anything like it.' Swedenborg teaches 'that in this world man fixes the 'ruling love' in his nature, and that is the main line that fixes his nature to all eternity. . . . God is infinite Love and so visits pain upon no one. He provides in creation for everyone to have the greatest happiness he can enjoy. Those who are in the part we call Hell go there because it is what they like.'"

Mr. Sexton, whose letter is far too long to give in its entirety, next alludes to a reference by another correspondent to what he describes as "a suggestion that an Oxford or Cambridge society should be formed to study" the Doctrine of the Fall, and expresses the opinion that such a society would be the last to find the true meaning. That meaning, he holds, is given by Swedenborg, who tells us that the Bible is a long parable of the soul's development, and in his "Arcana Coelestia" gives "an explanation, word for word, of the books of Genesis and Exodus." But our friend is here under a misapprehension. The society for which the Rev. Eric S. Robertson so fervently prayed in the book we reviewed in LIGHT of the 5th ult. was one not for the "study" of a doctrine, but for its "extirpation," and—as was clear from the quotation we gave (page 250)—the Doctrine of the Fall to which he took such strong exception was not the simple Genesis story, whether taken literally or symbolically, but the doctrine of inherited sin which had become attached to it.

A daily paper states that a well-known actress finds September a significant month, since everything of importance in her life happened in that month. These examples of the occult in connection with times and numbers would be more satisfactory if it could be established that they were of general application, and appeared equally in the lives of ordinary folks. Although we have heard of some extraordinary cases, we have felt an uncomfortable suspicion that there is sometimes an unconscious

process of exclusion—that is to say that the facts which do not support the argument are unintentionally ignored. Thus some person may claim that June is the period of all the most momentous events in his life, but when his record is examined it is usually found that equally important things happened to him at other periods of the year, which he has failed to take into account. If there is any truth in the idea it should be possible to remove it from the region of speculation.

This month's "Occult Review" is an attractive number. It opens with some critical and appreciative notes of the work of Edward Carpenter as set forth in his "My Days and Dreams." Carpenter appears to have a psychic temperament as he records that at one period of his life he was haunted with the image of a huge hyacinth just appearing above the ground. Again, after the death of his mother, he was, from time to time, conscious of "a semi-luminous presence, very real but faint in outline, larger than mortal." Princess Radziwell contributes an article on "Italy's Royal Mascot"—an apparition of a "Green Page" which, unlike ordinary ghosts, brings good fortune to those privileged to see it. The inspirational and spiritual value of standards and emblems is ably dealt with by Mr. G. M. Hort in "The Religious Symbolism of the Banner," Mr. A. E. Waite writes on "The Eastern Religions," and Mr. C. G. Sander on "The Four Cosmic Elements."

The occult in some form meets us everywhere. In "A Son of Strife," a well-written serial story by Helen Wallace, appearing in the Baptist "Home Messenger," the heroine, an English girl, defies the threats of an evil-minded Malay woman, who thereupon, pointing a finger at her, dares her to move. In spite of her brave words the girl has been conscious of a strange languor stealing over her, and now, with each moment that Maya's baleful eyes hold hers, the languor increases. The woman's sinister figure appears to swell to gigantic proportions, and the air is shaken with wild savage laughter; then all shape and substance fade and Cecily feels herself sinking into unfathomable abysses of darkness. All we can say is that Maya seems to have been remarkably successful for a first attempt on a girl who is represented as by no means lacking in will-power of her own. Frankly, we have our doubts on the matter, and in the meanwhile would suggest that to encourage the idea that malevolent persons can so readily paralyse the senses and will-power of other people is calculated to add a new and needless terror to life.

"Wisdom of the Ages: Revelations from Zertoulem, the Prophet of Taskanata, automatically transcribed by the Rev. George A. Fuller, M.D." (Christopher Publishing House, 1140, Columbus Avenue, Boston, U.S.A., 1.25dol.). As may be inferred from the introductory sentence—"Zertoulem spake unto the multitude and said"—the "wisdom" is conveyed in old-fashioned rhythmical language akin to that of Ecclesiastes and the Hebrew prophets. It includes reincarnation and the framing and building of the universes by archangels, "the servants of Omn." The book is very highly noticed in the American Spiritualist papers and indeed contains much lofty spiritual teaching and some passages, such as the description of sunset over mountain-tops, which appeal to us as genuine poetry, but we cannot think that it gains anything in weight by purporting to be revelations from an old-time prophet, a claim which it is impossible to check. We fancy, too, that by the more sober English mind the use of archaic language in a work addressed to modern readers is likely to be felt as a pose, as if a lecture on moral philosophy were to strike stained-glass attitudes—a performance which would call more attention to himself than to the doctrine he was expounding.

A correspondent holiday-making by the sea sends us a ghost story concerning Birchington Church. Although modern tales are not new. In March, 1875, the bells which had been ringing for the Sunday evening service suddenly stopped, and a great noise was heard in the belfry. One of the choir ascended to the bell-tower to learn the reason, and there found the bell-ringer in a state of collapse. After a time he recovered and stated that while ringing the bells he happened to cast his eyes to the left of the tower and there saw a ghost standing on the eighth or ninth stage of the ladder. He fell off his seat, but afterwards had the presence of mind to throw a bottle at the ghost! The story seems to have got into the papers at the time, but it is very far from satisfactory from the standpoint of psychic research. Several other possible explanations would have first to be disposed of. We are not even told how the bell-ringer knew that his visitor was actually a ghost. The ghost does not always present a spectral form. There are several cases in which a spirit has been mistaken for a living person; there are even more cases in which a living person has been mistaken for a ghost.



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Notices of all meetings will appear regularly in "*Light*."

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# Light:

A Journal of Psychical, Occult, and Mystical Research.

"LIGHT! MORE LIGHT!"—Goethe.

"WHATSOEVER DOETH MAKE MANIFEST IS LIGHT."—Paul.

No. 1,863.—VOL. XXXVI. [Registered as] SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1916. [a Newspaper.] PRICE TWOPENCE.

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## NOTES BY THE WAY.

There was a time when many of us would have welcomed the invention of some word to take the place of "Spiritualism." It was held not merely that the name had become debased by the abuses to which it had been subject; but that it carried, in addition, a meaning that did not exactly apply to the body of facts and philosophy which it was employed to denote. The scientific idea of the nature of Matter had undergone revolutionary changes, and the rigid boundary which it was the custom to draw between Matter and Spirit was seen to be merely an artificial division. There was no divorcing the two, and an old pioneer of Spiritualism expressed his idea of the position when he remarked to us some years ago, "I am just as much a Materialist as I am a Spiritualist." We have, indeed, often felt a sense of using language loosely when we have had to employ the word "spirit" to mean a human being who has passed through the change of death, because it is so evident that the change has made him no more a spirit than he was before. The author of some well-known works on Psychical Research suggested the employment of "Spiritism" and "Spiritist," but there were objections to these, although they were in some ways more exact than "Spiritualism" and "Spiritualist." For one thing, they had already been annexed by a French school of occultists, and for another they did not carry the idea of spirituality which many earnest Spiritualists feel should belong to the movement on its ethical side.

On a general view of the question of terms, therefore, it seemed wiser to stick to the old ones, using such variants as "occult" and "psychical" to avoid sameness and repetition. We can at least claim to have the things if we have not the names that will exactly fit them—the rules of Logic must give way to the facts of Life (they should be used to the process by this time, having had to do it so often!) and certainly the word "Spiritualism" is inclusive enough. There is no mistaking its implication of a life after death, a connotation which is not necessarily carried by either Psychism or Occultism, for there have been schools of investigation and philosophy relating to both which have definitely refused to accept the idea of human survival. In the middle of last century, for example, there existed on the Continent at least one group of "occultists" who conducted experiments in mesmerism and psychic phenomena in the belief that these things related solely to the spirit in the flesh. By a positive attitude of mind they inhibited everything in the way of evidence of human intelligence incarnate. They did not deny the existence of "spirits," but held that these were

mighty beings having little or nothing in common with humanity. They smiled at the dogmatism of the materialist who knew so little of the powers even of man in the flesh, but if the revelation of human survival as a scientific fact had rested with them the world would have been still in the dark.

Referring to our remarks in "Sidelights" (p. 304) concerning the well-known actress who asserts that everything of importance in her life happened in the month of September, a correspondent calls our attention to the case of the Rev. John Wilson, of Bellshill (Lanarkshire), of the United Presbyterian Church (known as "Father" of the United Presbyterian denomination), who passed away on October 3rd, 1893. Mr. Wilson's significant month was October. He entered college in October, was licensed as a preacher in October, was married in October, his eldest son was born in October, and he was heard shortly before his death to express the wish that he might pass away in that month, "my solemn last October," as actually was the case. We have met with or read equally curious instances where a certain month, date or figure seemed to have a curious prominence in a given life. The lives of some of the Popes and heads of royal Houses in Europe furnish some notable instances, as shown by the Rev. S. Baring Gould in one of his books. We have personally noted instances in which the important events of a career occur at or about the birthday period. But it requires a great many examples of an unusual phenomenon to enable an impartial observer to generalise with safety. Perhaps some of our readers on reviewing the chief events of their lives may be able to furnish data that will go towards confirming what, in view of the mystic quality of numbers, we cannot lightly dismiss as a superstition.

We give the following for the information of a correspondent; it may be of interest to other readers:—

Many years ago Sir William Crookes very fully investigated the phenomenon occurring in high vacuum tubes and propounded his theory of radiant matter. He showed that when the exhaustion in a vacuum tube had come down to a pressure of about one-millionth of an atmosphere, the molecules of the residual gas had a much longer free path in which they could move without striking each other and could reach the walls of the tube. At this stage the residual molecules were strongly repelled from the negative electric or cathode, being thrown off with such force that unless interrupted by some solid object they would strike against the glass walls of the tube. This bombardment of particles causes the glass to rhythmically vibrate, and sets up the fluorescent glow. This "radiant matter" of Crookes was afterwards called by other workers the Cathode rays. Crookes showed amongst other things: 1. That the streaming particles of Cathode rays could be deflected by means of a magnet; 2. That they could be reflected and focussed like rays of light; 3. That the glass tube was capable of temporary fatigue, whereby the fluorescence became less and less brilliant as the bombardment continued; and that a permanent fatigue was possible owing apparently to the occlusion of the residual gas particles into the glass of the tube or the metal of the electrodes. The work was taken up with great interest by a number of scientific men, and Lenard, a Hungarian, showed that Cathode rays were capable of passing outside the glass



tube and possessed some remarkable properties. He showed that they would penetrate aluminium, wood, cardboard, and other opaque matters, but were stopped by lead, also by some transparent substances or any substance, as Sir W. Barrett discovered, which has a high molecular weight, such as iodoform. These X-rays, as they are now called, cause fluorescent salts to glow, and have a powerful photographic action.

### LONDON SPIRITUALIST ALLIANCE.

A meeting of the Members and Associates of the Alliance will be held in the SALON OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS, Suffolk-street, Pall Mall East, S.W. (near the National Gallery), on

THURSDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 26th.

When AN ADDRESS will be given by

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ENTITLED

"The Use and Beauty of Spiritualism."

The doors will be opened at 7 o'clock, and the meeting will commence punctually at 7.30.

Admission by ticket only. Two course tickets are sent at the beginning of the season to each Member, and one to each Associate. Other friends desiring to attend any of the lectures can obtain tickets by applying to Mr. F. W. South, 110, St. Martin's-lane, W.C., accompanying the application by a remittance of 1s. for each ticket.

Addresses will also be given in the Salon in the closing months of the year, as follows:—

Thursday, Nov. 16—"Egyptian Religion: The Book of the Dead," by Mr. J. H. Van Stone.

Thursday, Dec. 14—"Psychic Science in Serbia," by Count Miyatovich (political and other engagements permitting).

### MEETINGS AT 110, ST. MARTIN'S LANE, W.C.

FOR THE STUDY OF PSYCHICAL PHENOMENA.

CLAIRVOYANT DESCRIPTIONS.—Tuesday, October 3rd, Mr. A. Vout Peters at 3 p.m. No one will be admitted after that hour. (See notice below.)

MEMBERS' SOCIAL MEETING.—Tuesday, October 3rd, at 4 p.m., for members only.

PSYCHIC CLASS.—Thursday, October 5th, at 5 p.m., the first of a series of lectures by Mr. W. J. Vanstone, Ph.D., on "Phases of Mediumship." (For Syllabus see below.)

INFORMAL GATHERINGS.—Members and Associates are invited to attend the rooms at 110, St. Martin's-lane, on Friday afternoon, October 6th, from 3 to 4, and to introduce friends interested in Spiritualism, for informal conversation, the exchange of experiences, and mutual helpfulness.

TALKS WITH A SPIRIT CONTROL.—On Friday, October 6th, at 4 p.m., "Morambo," the guide of Mrs. M. H. Wallis, will speak briefly upon the first of a series of special subjects relating to the conditions of the Future Life (see List below), and will afterwards answer questions from the audience (written or otherwise) pertinent to the subject or arising out of the statements made.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.—Admission to the Tuesday Séance is strictly confined to Members and their personal friends, for whom Members have the privilege of purchasing tickets at one shilling each, if application be made before the date of meeting. Each ticket must bear the name and address of the person using it, and be signed by the Member through whom it is obtained. To all other meetings visitors can be admitted on payment of one shilling.

### Lectures by Mr. W. J. Vanstone, Ph.D.

October 5th.—Mediumship: its Larger Meaning.

" 12th.—Mediumship: the Personal Equation.

" 19th.—Mediumship and the Imagination.

" 26th.—The American Indian Phase.

November 9th.—The Hindoo Phase.

" 16th.—The Islamic Phase.

" 23rd.—The Chinese Phase.

" 30th.—The Persian Phase.

December 7th.—The Egyptian Phase.

" 14th.—The Greek Phase.

### Subjects of "Talks with a Spirit Control."

Oct. 6th.—Conditions Attendant on Entry into the Spirit World.

" 13th.—Vesture of the Soul After Death.

" 20th.—Order and Government of the Spirit World.

" 27th.—Homes, Institutions and Occupations.

Nov. 3rd.—Education and Progressive Development of Spirit People.

" 10th.—Language and Methods of a Communication.

" 17th.—Work in Connection with the Physical and Psychical Worlds.

" 24th.—Heaven, Hell and Other Conditions.

Dec. 1st.—Angelic Ministers, Guardians, Guides and Associates.

" 8th.—Religious Ceremonies and Worship.

" 15th.—The Responsibility of the Individual Self to the Whole Universe.

### "TO HEARTEN TRUST."

GLIMPSES OF THE "VISION SPLENDID."

By H. A. DALLAS.

As water dropping continually upon stone wears it away and lowers the level of the spot where it falls, so sad experiences constantly repeated wear away the sensitive surfaces of the mind and heart. The first months of the war carried with them an inspiration and a bracing influence. The newness, the fresh demand on character and will, and on devotion to duty stimulated us even to endure the most tragic sorrows, and to face the most perilous circumstances. It is somewhat different now. The call to steadfastness is more urgent than ever, and the soul of the nation is more than ever determined, when all is done, "to stand"; but the mind and heart find it more difficult to resist depression—the monotony of bereavement through which the nations are passing and the monotony of tragedy tend to deaden consciousness. "The light that never was on land or sea" seems to fail just when we need it most. The Spirit in Man which is glorifying our humanity by such magnificent revelations of heroism and self-sacrifice, and of tender fellowship and ministry, is nevertheless, as Tennyson says, "Half lost . . . in its own shadow," and in "the pain of this divisible-indivisible world."

It is timely, then, to remind ourselves of the Reality which has been seen in moments of vision by those who have gone before us, and who have left on record the strong assurance which such moments of insight have given them.

Professor William James in his "Varieties of Religious Experience" tells us of his own experience, and that "the keynote of it is invariably a reconciliation. It is as if the opposites of the world, whose contradictoriness and conflict make all our difficulties and trouble, were melted into unity." As if conscious that only those who have had a somewhat similar experience could understand what he was trying to convey, he adds, "This is a dark saying, I know. . . . Those who have ears to hear let them hear."

Dr. Bucke describes a somewhat similar revelation of Reality. He says in his work, "Cosmic Consciousness," that on one occasion when he was driving in a cab, suddenly there came to me a sense of exultation, of immense joyousness immediately followed by an intellectual illumination impossible to describe. Among other things I did not merely come to believe, but I saw, that the universe is not composed of dead matter, but is, on the contrary, a living Presence; I became conscious in myself of eternal life. . . . I saw that all men are immortal; that the cosmic order is such that, without any peradventure, all things work together for good of each and all; that the foundation principle of the world, of all worlds, is what we call Love, and that the happiness of each and all is in the long run absolutely certain. The vision lasted a few seconds and was gone; but the memory of it and the sense of the reality of what it taught has remained during a quarter of a century which has since elapsed. I knew that what the vision showed me is true. . . . That view, that conviction, I may say that consciousness, has never even during periods of the deepest depression been lost. (Quoted in "Varieties of Religious Experience," p. 399.)



It is not given to everyone to have such moments of direct contact with Reality, and to those to whom this experience comes it may occur only once in a lifetime. It cannot be self-induced, and it cannot be adequately expressed in words. Those who have had anything similar can only use one word to describe their assurance of the truth revealed, and that word is I "saw."

Perhaps it was some assurance of this sort that Robert Louis Stevenson felt when he wrote:—

Sursum corda!  
Heaven ahead:  
Here's luck.  
Art and Blue Heaven,  
April and God's larks,  
Green reeds and the sky scattering river.  
A stately music,  
Enter God!

And we hear the same note of certainty in the letter which Dr. Richard Hodgson wrote to a friend:—

Be of good courage whatever happens, and pray continually, and let peace come into your soul. Why should you be distraught and worried? Everything, absolutely everything—from a spot of ink to all the stars—every faintest thought we think, up to the contemplation of the highest intelligences in the cosmos, are all in and part of the infinite Goodness. Rest in that Divine Love. All your trials are known better than you know them yourself. Do you think that it is an idle word that "the hairs of your head are all numbered"? Have no dismay. Fear nothing and trust in God.

Let us remember that to thousands these moments of apprehension have been vouchsafed and that they reveal Reality which is at present beyond our habitual realisation.

In relation to the spiritual environment man is born blind. Mr. Farquhar, the author of "The Gospel of Divine Humanity," was asked, when he was dying, if he "saw" any vision. He replied: "Can a puppy see?" Most of mankind is still in the puppy stage; a few have had their eyes opened; like St. Paul they are "persuaded," and neither life nor death, nor things present nor things to come can shake their steadfast mind.

I tossed unquiet the other night  
Until a lark began to sing;  
Then, looking out, I found no light  
To show me clearly anything.

Thrush answered lark when dawn was grey;  
Then blackbirds joined; and soon a throng  
Of voices cried that it was day,  
And made my garden sweet with song.

The sun peered up across the sea,  
Sunbeams between my curtains crept,  
"Highest sees first, eternally."  
I thought—and taking comfort, slept.

#### MAETERLINCK AND THE WAR PROPHETS.

The "Daily News" says:—

"At the beginning of the war a great many absurd claims were made on behalf of various prophets who were said to have foretold it. M. Maeterlinck, in his new book, 'The Wrack of the Storm' (Methuen, 5s. net), dismisses all these prophecies as worthless except two. One of these is the prophecy of Father Jean Baptiste Vianney, rector of Ars, a 'very saintly priest,' who died in 1859. After prophesying the war of 1870, he went on to foretell a further Franco-German struggle. His prophecy, as it was published in an 1872 text, reads:—

"The enemies will not go altogether; they will return again and destroy everything upon their passage; we shall not resist them, but will allow them to advance; and, after that, we shall cut off their provisions and make them suffer great losses. They will retreat towards their country; we shall follow them and there will be hardly any who return home. Then we shall take back all that they took from us and much more."

As for the date of the war referred to, it is stated in the following striking sentence: 'They will want to canonise me, but there will not be time.' 'Now,' comments M. Maeterlinck, 'the preliminaries to the canonisation of the Rector of Ars were begun in July, 1914, but abandoned because of the war.'

## SPIRIT INTERVENTION IN EARTHLY AFFAIRS.

### A PROBLEM AND SOME INSTANCES.

We have before remarked on those cases of spontaneous spirit action that seem to set at naught some of our ideas of the difficulties to be surmounted in the production of physical phenomena. It may be that in these cases advantage is taken of rare and delicate conditions temporarily present in the natural order of things, or that spirit beings with faculties for transcending those of the average spirit operators intervene for some wise purpose of their own, overcoming by their superior powers the limitations ordinarily present. There are many well-authenticated stories of spirits intervening in earthly affairs, and presenting an appearance that makes them indistinguishable from ordinary mortals. They seem to be independent of medium and circle. We heard of such a case some time ago in connection with a professor, a certain learned man whose name is well known. It was the story of a visit to the coast by this gentleman and his daughter, and of their being suddenly accosted by a sailor who brought a message of urgent importance not to the professor and his daughter, but to others. The sailor looked and spoke like a "real" person, but we are told that it was firmly established afterwards that the sailor was dead at the time he was seen and spoken to. We tried in vain at the time to pursue the matter so as to put the whole account in acceptable shape, with names, dates, and localities. But this opportunity was denied—there is much shyness in these matters—and we can only make this casual and non-committal reference to it.

Of course the old rigidity of the demand for proofs in such instances can nowadays be somewhat relaxed. It is not as though such a story of an apparition was something without parallel or precedent. The many instances on record are more or less consistent. A few may be conceivably accounted for by hoax or self-deception and the examination should mainly be directed to eliminating these possibilities.

But in these cases of spontaneous "materialisations," is the spirit really clothed upon with matter and making himself physically visible and audible or is it that the seer or seers have their normal faculties temporarily exalted so that they receive impressions on the psychical side of their being and translate them in terms of physical consciousness? Clearly not always, for there are cases in which the "ghost" has been seen by bystanders as well as by those to whom its attentions were particularly directed.

Here is a remarkable case narrated by the late Father Walters, a priest well known in the United States. He passed away in 1894, and his obituary notice in the "Philadelphia Times" gave the story. Stripped of the "fine" writing in which it was dressed by the American journalist it amounted in sum to this.

At two o'clock on a stormy morning Father Walters was aroused from his bed by the violent ringing of the bell. On opening the window he saw on the doorstep below two children, a boy of about eleven and a girl a few years younger. They told him their father was dying and wished to see a priest. In a short time the priest had dressed himself and stepped into the street. The children set off in front, and following them Father Walters was guided to a room in an old tenement house in the slum quarter. Here they disappeared, and the priest, too engrossed with his errand to pay much attention to the fact, entered the room, where he found a dying man, to whom he explained that he had come as desired. The sick man replied in effect that although he welcomed the priest he had not sent for him—having no one to send.

Father Walters remarked that this was strange, as he had been visited by two children. On describing their appearance the dying man grew strangely excited. "They were my children," he exclaimed, "my poor dead children." And then he told a sad story of a wasted life, a neglected home. It was his two dead children, he insisted, who had been sent by Heaven to bring the priest to their dying father.

We cannot guarantee the story, but it is not more wonderful than some thoroughly authenticated examples. The "Philadelphia Times" itself remarked on the difficulty of tracing the evidence in such cases.



OFFICE OF "LIGHT," 110, ST. MARTIN'S LANE,  
LONDON, W.C.  
SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 23rd, 1916.

## Light:

A JOURNAL of Psychical, Occult, and Mystical Research.  
PRICE TWOPENCE WEEKLY.

COMMUNICATIONS intended to be printed should be addressed to the Editor, Office of LIGHT, 110, St. Martin's-lane, London, W.C. Business communications should in all cases be addressed to Mr. F. W. South, Office of LIGHT, to whom Cheques and Postal Orders should be made payable.

Subscription Rates.—LIGHT may be had free by post on the following terms:—Twelve months, 10s. 10d.; six months, 5s. 5d. Payments must be made in advance. To United States, 2dol. 70c. To France, Italy, &c., 15 francs 86 centimes.

Wholesale Agents: Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent and Co., Ltd., 51, Paternoster-row, London, E.C., and LIGHT can be ordered through all Newsagents and Booksellers.

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## REASON AND MYSTERY.

"The ordinary man has always been sane because the ordinary man has always been a mystic." So wrote Mr. G. K. Chesterton in one of his brilliant essays. And he proceeded to make his meaning clear by explaining that the ordinary man always cares more for truth than for consistency, and consequently is always able to admit ideas that apparently contradict each other. He believes in both fate and freewill, faith and reason.

It is exactly this balance of contradictions that has been the whole buoyancy of the healthy man. The whole secret of mysticism is this: that man can understand everything by the help of what he does not understand. The morbid logician seeks to make everything lucid, and succeeds in making everything mysterious. The mystic allows one thing to be mysterious and everything becomes lucid.

Mr. Chesterton gives to the term "mystic" a larger meaning than that which is generally assigned to it, but his intention is clear. He conveys by his use of it the idea that a mystic is one who recognises in however small a degree the existence of "a world beyond." LIGHT has several times in the past maintained the view that life is too large to be reduced within the compass of any system of philosophy however mathematically exact. There is always left out some law or principle capable of upsetting the whole of the carefully elaborated scheme and laying it in ruins. The constructors of such systems know this in their hearts, and this is why they exhibit such impatience of ideas that appear inconsistent with their theories. The only faith on which one can safely rely is one that will grow like a tree, drawing its sustenance from the universal life about it. True, it is not so shapely and symmetrical as the creed artificially constructed, but it is *alive*, which the other is not. It does not satisfy the desire for limitation and finality, but that desire grows out of limited thinking, and is always being set at naught. When a system of any kind gets too logical and precise there is always a revolution to shatter it to bits. Outside of the little exact and consistent doctrine, whatever it may be, lies a world which in comparison seems to be irregular and fantastic. It is not really so; it is only its vastness that creates the impression. All the small systems are included in a mightier one, and they must draw their life from it and grow towards it—or perish.

There has been a clamorous demand during the last generation or two for a reasonable religion. It is quite a praiseworthy ambition, but something turns on what is meant by "reasonable." If it is to be a religion that can

give a reason for everything it is foredoomed to failure. The creed that sets out to explain everything usually winds up with the discovery that it is unable even to explain itself. A reasonable religion is clearly one that recognises that while life can and does include the whole of logic cannot possibly include the whole of life.

In its beginnings Evolution produced monstrous ungainly and hideous-looking forms of vegetable and animal life which in course of ages developed into the plants, trees and living creatures of grace and beauty which we see around us to-day. Somewhat analogous is evolution on the mental side. New ideas and truths often appear at first in crude, unlovely shapes—they are denounced as insane, preposterous and undignified. The religion and science of the time can find no room for them—they are too contradictory and incongruous. But as time goes on the new truths, coming slowly to their true stature, reveal themselves as essential parts of the life of their time. They have become "reasonable." By that time religion and science are ready to enlarge their boundaries to admit the new-comers, but the outside world which has taken the strangers to its breast from the first appraises this change of heart at its true value, knowing it as the hospitality of Logic and not of Life.

Such has been, such will be, the history of Spiritualism. At first repelled as something outlandish and mysterious—inconsistent with the logical order of things—the nursing of the superstitious and unlearned, it will, when it has developed its true proportions as a creation of vital importance to life and thought, receive the welcome of those who find that without it their creeds have become logically impossible. It will mean one more region of mystery brought into the world of things known and understood and one more lesson of the unwisdom of erecting intellectual limits and boundaries.

## A GENERATION AGO.

(FROM "LIGHT" OF SEPTEMBER 25TH, 1886.)

A BLACKBURN hospital has benefited to the extent of £22 by the recent discussion on Spiritualism which took place between Mr. E. W. Wallis and the Rev. M. Ashcroft.

A WORLD WITHIN A WORLD.—In the lower spheres many spirits have very little knowledge of the state of existence to which they actually belong; and there are millions of such now communicating their erroneous ideas to those whose minds are spiritually infantile enough to receive them as true. To them time, space, and place are just as they were in earth life; and to be invisible is to be *mathematically* at a distance. But in fact the earth world in regard to the spirit world is, to some extent at least, a world within a world. Let me illustrate. We do not see or cognise at all by perception the essences of things in this mortal life; we only infer their essential reality from the effects which they produce on our senses. Change or modify these senses, and while these essential entities remain the same we should virtually be in another world at once. The objects around us are clothed in matter in order that we may perceive them by means of the material organs of sensation; but, as spiritual entities, they exist independently of material expression and are so cognised by the spiritual senses.

—From an address by PROFESSOR HENRY KIDDLE.

"DREAMING TRUE."—Referring to recent letters in our columns, E. B., Plumstead (who gives her name and address), writes that three nights before the last Zeppelin raid, she saw, in sleep, "a burning mass of flame descending from the sky, slowly and steadily." She awoke with a sense of horror, and was puzzled that the mass did not fall more swiftly. The dream was repeated on the two succeeding nights, and on the fourth night our correspondent witnessed the actual fall of the Zeppelin in flames, "the effect being exactly as I had foreseen it."—"Christian Commonwealth."



## BRIDGING THE GULF OF DEATH.

SIR WILLIAM BARRETT'S LATEST TESTIMONY.

On the 17th inst. the "Weekly Dispatch" followed up its previous articles on the continuance of man's existence beyond bodily death with a long and important contribution from Sir W. F. Barrett, F.R.S. Sir William starts by affirming that the evidence for such continuance grows steadily in volume as the years pass, but, in his view, there is not at present much strong scientific evidence for human identity many years after death:—

The evidence only begins to grow in abundance and weight as we approach a limited period after death; when we come to within a few hours of death, and still more to the moment of death, the evidence becomes both extensive and conclusive in character.

The evidence certainly demonstrates survival after death. We find an unseen, active intelligence at work which is more like the deceased person it professes to be than that of any other we can imagine. The intelligence is characterised by many vagaries. It is uncontrollable and often purposeless; above all, its purpose when expressed is limited to apparently ridding earth memories, and we are left with more or less disappointment at the inadequacy of our enlightenment.

But while the unseen intelligence has this provoking quality, evading simple, direct replies to questions, nevertheless this admittedly unsatisfactory intercommunication appears to be an attempt at intelligent co-operation between certain disembodied minds and our own.

To the sceptic who may still sneer at the accumulated evidence, deeming it more interesting than convincing, I would answer by asking: "What evidence would you expect to obtain as proof of survival?"

Take two people wishing to speak to each other across the telephone. Let us suppose that one has lost his voice and must in consequence speak through a substitute. The friend at the other end, very rightly, would seek for some proof that the substitute was really speaking for the man he knows. Now what would satisfy him? *Trifling facts of identity such as reference to a last meeting, the loss of a finger, the names of relatives, &c.* Actually the experiment has been made and identity established in this insignificant way.

Is it strange, then, that the unseen intelligence, communicating via the psychic, should depend upon similar trifles to establish identity? So far from being strange, it is the very thing that we ought to expect when we consider how impossible of solution the problem of identification would otherwise be.

The accumulated evidence, while it affords us proof of survival after death, obviously cannot yield us proof of that larger, higher, and enduring life which we desire and mean by immortality. In my opinion so tremendous a fact can never be demonstrated experimentally, but the *fact* of survival destroys the argument against it.

After deprecating indiscriminating experimentation at séances Sir William states that at a darkened séance he once attended—

a voice purporting to be that of the late Professor Henry Sidgwick whispered in my ear. I asked whether he was now all right, and he replied: "You mean whether I still have that impediment in my speech? No, I do not stutter any longer." Now it seemed to me to be absolutely impossible that the medium, who was not English, should have known of this handicap under which the professor suffered.

He goes on to relate, as typical of the whole mass of accumulated evidence, three astonishing experiences which have lately come to his notice.

In the first instance the facts are vouched for by a personal friend, the wife of an eminent doctor living in Ireland, who has what is called automatic writing. Sitting in company with a friend, she was made aware of an unseen intelligence attempting to deliver a message. The question was asked by her friend:

"Who is there?" The answer was "G. H.—"

The lady said, "Do you know who I am?" "Yes," was the answer, "you are Dorothy." The conversation then proceeded as follows:—

"Have you any message?"—"Yes."

"What is it?"—"Will you tell my mother to give my pearl e-pin to the girl I was going to marry? I think she ought to have it."

"What is her address?" This was given.

"What is her name?" The name, Christian and surname, was given, the latter being a most unusual one.

G. H. was the cousin of one of the ladies. He had been killed a little while previously at the front. They knew he was dead, but knew nothing about his being engaged. When subsequently his effects reached his mother in Ireland it was found that he had left all to this lady.

Nobody had previously known that he had been engaged to her nor had heard her name mentioned before. He had not disclosed the fact, presumably because his fiancée was not in the same station in life.

When this message came the two ladies thought it was all nonsense, but, as I have said, the particulars given in the automatic writing were found absolutely correct, with the exception of the address, which apparently was given or taken down wrongly. That there was a tie-pin in his effects I am not yet informed. If there was, that would be still more remarkable confirmation.

Whether the unseen intelligence was actually what it purported to be, the spirit of this young officer, or whether it was some equally mysterious telepathic influence acting on the sitter, I do not pretend to say. Whichever the case, it was an influence apart from and beyond the sitters, and points to survival after death.

The second instance concerns a message received by Sir Oliver Lodge from his son Lieutenant Raymond Lodge, who was killed in France. The full details of this case, which Sir Oliver regards as one of the strongest proofs of survival that have been given within the last few years, will doubtless be incorporated in his forthcoming book. Sir William then goes on to his third instance.

A friend of mine who occupies a good position in Dublin, having lost a son in the war, was utterly crushed, the young man being everything to him. Thus downcast, he lost faith in Christianity and everything else.

Seeing his sad condition, I urged him to have a sitting with a friend who had the gift of automatic writing. He did so, and a message came purporting to be from his deceased son, giving certain particulars which appeared to the father proof of his identity. This led him to come to London, and after a prolonged series of sittings with a psychic who was an entire stranger, in which, to his perfect satisfaction, communication was established with his dead son, who stated that he was still alive and vigorous in the spiritual world, the father's melancholy fell magically away from him. When I saw him on his return to Dublin he was contented in mind and expressed himself as one of the happiest men in the country. A paper giving an account of his experience was read before a private circle of friends in Ireland.

I myself was present at a house where the hostess, who had the gift of automatic writing, was suddenly conscious of an invisible hand gripping hers and causing her to write upside down. Let anyone try to write even a single word upside down and then see how difficult it is. But it was not a case of a single word, but of whole sentences. In a normal way the lady was unable to write a single letter upside down. Moreover, particulars were given by the unseen intelligence of some incidents in his earth life of which all present were wholly ignorant, and which turned out to be perfectly true after careful inquiry. How explain this but as the action of an abnormal influence not of this world!

The mysterious movements of furniture and uncanny knockings have occurred too often and are too well authenticated to be denied any longer. They suggest a primitive means adopted by unseen intelligences to attract our attention. We may smile at the crudity of the means while finding it difficult to suggest a better method.

I remember investigating a case where a child had become so accustomed to these raps that every night a conversation went on. In my investigation I found that the answers given in the form of raps betrayed only the intelligence of a child, and the spelling suffered from the same weaknesses as I discovered were peculiar to the child.

The sceptic would say it was a case of the child trying to bamboozle a professor, but after some weeks of careful and critical examination I had to abandon that theory and admit that the sounds came from an unseen intelligence.

After a reference to the remarkable case of Abraham Florentine, well known to those acquainted with the records of the mediumship of "M.A. (Oxon.)," Sir William, in stating his conclusions, writes:—

To the inquirer who asks for a *reasonable* explanation of the riddle of survival after death, I would submit the following, which, though written some years ago, still represents my mature conception of our adventure on the sea of existence. There is certainly a world beyond our normal consciousness



from which neither space nor time divides us, but only the barrier of our sense-perceptions. This barrier constitutes what has been well termed the "threshold of sensibility," and limits the area of our consciousness.

In the progress of evolution from lower to higher forms of life this threshold has been successively shifted with a corresponding exaltation of consciousness. The organism of an oyster, for instance, constitutes a threshold which shuts it out from the greater part of our sensible world; in like manner the physical organism of man forms a threshold which separates him from the larger and transcendental world of which he forms a part.

But this threshold is not immovable. Occasionally in rapture, in dream, and in hypnotic trance it is shifted, and the human spirit temporarily moves in "worlds not realised" by sense. In the clairvoyance of deep hypnotic sleep and in somnambulism the threshold is still further shifted, and a higher intelligence emerges in a clearness and power proportional to the more complete cessation of the functions and consciousness of our ordinary waking life.

This intelligence has powers and perceptions wider and deeper than those of the normal waking consciousness. Accordingly we may infer that in death the threshold is still more and permanently displaced, the normal sense-consciousness ceases, and that perceptive and reasoning power, which in the somnambulant state is found to be independent of the body, is not therefore likely to be destroyed with the body.

As one by one the avenues of sense close for ever the threshold of sensibility is not violently displaced; and so, as our loved ones pass from us, it is probable that the "dawn behind all dawns" creeps gently upward, slowly awakening them to the wider and profounder consciousness that, for good or ill, awaits us all.

### A SEANCE WITH EGLINTON.

Some years ago, when I first became connected in business with Mr. Edgar Lee, of the "St. Stephen's Review," I found him much interested in the subject of Spiritualism, though he had never had the opportunity of investigating it, and through my introduction I procured him a test seance with William Eglinton. We met one afternoon at the medium's house in Nottingham-place for that purpose, and sat at an ordinary table in the back dining-room for slate-writing. The slate used on the occasion (as Mr. Lee had neglected to bring his own slate as requested) was one which was presented to Mr. Eglinton by Mr. Gladstone. It consisted of two slates of medium size, set in mahogany frames, with box hinges, and which, when shut, were fastened with a Bramah lock and key. On the tablecloth was a collection of tiny pieces of different coloured chalk. In the front room, which was divided from us by folding-doors, were some bookcases. Mr. Eglinton commenced by asking Mr. Lee to go into the front room by himself and select, in his mind's eye, any book he chose as the one from which extracts should be given. Mr. Lee having done as he was told, returned to his former place beside us, without giving a hint as to which book he had selected. Mr. Gladstone's slate was then delivered over to him to clean with sponge and water; that done, he was directed to choose four pieces of chalk and place them between the slates, to lock them and retain the key. The slates were left on the table in sight of all; Mr. Lee's hand remained on them all the time. All that Mr. Eglinton did was to place his hand above Mr. Lee's.

"You chose, I think," he commenced, "four morsels of chalk—white, blue, yellow and red. Please say which word, on which line, on which page of the book you selected just now, the white chalk shall transcribe."

Mr. Lee answered (I forget the exact numbers) somewhat on this wise: "The third word on the fifteenth line of the one hundred and second page"—he having, it must be remembered, no knowledge of the contents of the volume, which he had not even touched with his hand. Immediately he had spoken a scratching noise was heard between the two slates. When it ceased, Mr. Eglinton put the same question with regard to the blue, yellow and red chalks, which was similarly responded to. He then asked Mr. Lee to unlock the slates, read the words, and then fetch the book he had selected and compare notes, and in each instance the word had been given correctly. Several other experiments were then made, equally curious, the number of

Mr. Lee's watch, which he had not taken from his pocket, and which he said he did not know himself, being amongst them. Then Mr. Eglinton said to Mr. Lee, "Have you any friend in the spirit-world from whom you would like to hear? If so, you will mentally recall the name, we will try and procure writing from him or her." (I must say here that these two were utter strangers to each other, and had met for the first time that afternoon, and indeed—as will be seen by the context—I had a very slight knowledge of Mr. Edgar Lee myself at that time.) Mr. Lee thought for a moment, and then replied that there was a dead friend of his from whom he should like to hear. The cleaning and locking process was gone all through again, and the scratching re-commenced, and when it concluded, Mr. Lee unlocked the slates and read a letter to this effect:—

MY DEAR WILL,—I am quite satisfied with your decision respecting Bob. By all means send him to the school you are thinking of. He will get on better there. His education requires more pushing than it gets at present. Thanks for all you have done for him. God bless you.

Your affectionate cousin,

R. TASKER.

I do not pretend to give the exact words of this letter, for though they were afterwards published, I have not a copy by me. But the gist of the experiment does not lie in the exactitude of the words. When I saw the slate I looked at Mr. Lee in astonishment.

"Who is it for?" I asked.

"It is all right," he replied; "it is for me. It is from my cousin who left his boy in my charge. My real name is William Tasker."

Now I had never heard it hinted before that Edgar Lee was only a *nom-de-plume*, and the announcement came on me as a genuine surprise.

—(From "There is no Death," by FLORENCE MARRIAT.)

### "SIMPLY LIFE."

If our soldiers had literary tastes, I believe the mood that we are in would lead to those green pastures where can be found Charles Lamb, John Ruskin, Oliver Goldsmith, and William Wordsworth,

"The decent church that tops the neighbouring hill."

In the desolation of days such a simple homely picture as that brings tears to the eyes. I feel within myself a dry thirst for all the windy wonder of Kate Greenaway. The frolic of Lamb and children. And images are called up from William Blake's "Songs of Innocence"—and again, the mind falls back on the rare English and quiet humour of Charles Lamb. I could read Ibsen out here. He would toss my soul about like a shuttlecock, and give me a sort of intellectual shell-shock. Indeed, I am beginning to think that "intellectual shell-shock" is an apt phrase in that connection. What we are asking for is blood-money when this is all over is not the Simple Life, but simply life. It is still shelling very hard, and at such times it is not difficult to be resolved that *simply life* is what you need.

—CHRIS MASSIE in "The Christian Commonwealth."

WHERE truth is sufficient to fill the mind fiction is worse than useless: the counterfeit debases the genuine. —JOHNSON.

A COMMENT FROM ABROAD.—An old subscriber in America in sending his annual subscription, writes: "Thus for another year one is provided with a weekly instalment of other-worldly thoughts, which are very pleasant these days, when this world supplies no other thought than that of how best to exterminate our criminal neighbours who are bent upon our own extermination, while the adversary goeth about like a roaring lion, or like a bird of prey, and like a man-eating shark! Whereas in normal times, when our criminals are mostly shut up in prisons and the sick are tucked away in hospitals, and our casualties are largely among ill-nourished children, and all difficulties about the raising of funds are confined to the poor, we are apt to feel that the devil's (back) in his hell and all's right with the world."



## WHAT ARE GOOD AND EVIL?

BY ELIZABETH STEPHENSON.

If I may give a short unconventional definition of these terms I would say that Good is an expansion of the consciousness, and Evil a contraction of the same.

A dream I once had will perhaps illustrate this: I was sitting in a chair, and a great friend put her arm round my shoulder. Immediately our two beings were merged into one; I felt her feelings and thought her thoughts. I wish I could describe the intense bliss of this, but I cannot; it is not to be expressed in words. She was addressing a remark to me, and I realised how insufficient words were to express the thoughts which were really hers and had already become mine in a much more beautiful way. A voice then said, "This is Heaven," at which I stepped back over a threshold and awoke, comprehending something of the meaning of the words, "Thou understandest my thoughts long before."

This dream proves to me that Heaven or Good is an expansion of consciousness; therefore Hell or Evil must be contraction.

The question here arises, Where is the consciousness? In some souls it is seated in the physical vehicle alone, in which case, as in that of animals and very low types of men, a hearty meal, a stimulating drink, or a comfortable pipe constitutes Good, for it expands the consciousness, whereas bread and cheese instead of meat and pudding would constitute Evil, because it limits the consciousness. With such people there is no question of morality, right or wrong, for they have not yet grown to it. Their Hell will be to find themselves deprived of bodily pleasures, either from the incapacity of the body to enjoy owing to disease or surfeit, or from the loss of that body through death. In each case the soul learns, and rises on stepping-stones of its dead self to higher things.

Again, in more advanced types Evil consists in the loss of their own and others' esteem. Such people know that drunkenness, vice, and dishonour lower their self-respect. These law-abiding citizens have travelled far beyond the animal stage, and find their Hell or Evil not in the lack of food and drink, but in falling into debt, the bankruptcy court, and family disgrace.

Then there are the saint and the hero—persons who care nothing for this world's opinion, who live only that they may serve their weaker brethren. To them Evil means that they have not loved, understood, or served their fellow-beings enough, and their sorrow is when those whom they try to help cut themselves off from their love. "O Jerusalem! Jerusalem! how often would I have gathered your children together as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wing, but ye would not."

What is the logical outcome of this point of view? The growth of the soul. As the infant gradually learns not to cry and kick when it is taken out of its bath, so the young soul learns by bitter experience to control its passions and its mind. We do not blame the infant because it cannot walk or talk; neither should we blame the young soul because it has no control over its feelings and will, but we should study how to help it to develop.

I have heard Evil described as Live spelt backwards, and this meaning is a negative one. If we consider the matter from this point of view, we realise more than ever that prisons and such places should furnish conditions in which young souls may grow—not where the all-too-narrow consciousness is yet more "cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd." By repeated efforts in earth-lives the soul advances, and the limitations of early incarnations are transcended in later ones. All happenings, whether so-called good or so-called evil, are so much experience, so much spiritual food which the soul assimilates between its lives on earth until the criminal grows respectable, and the respectable man grows into a hero, gradually reaching unto the perfect man, unto "the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ."

## BORDERLAND EXPERIENCES OF OPERATIC SINGERS.

THE RETURN OF THE CHILDREN AND A BATTLEFIELD VISION.

An American magazine, "Every Week," prints some striking vision experiences contributed to its columns by operatic singers. The Prima Donna Marguerite Namara tells the following incidents:—

I have had only one occult experience: yet it was so vivid, so startlingly convincing, that I shall never again question the testimony of those of my friends to whom such experiences have come more often.

I was in France when the war broke out, visiting a friend who owned the Paillard Palace, an old castle of more than three hundred rooms. Only a little time before she had lost her two dear little children. On my first evening with her, she came to my room, as I was preparing to retire.

"Marguerite," she said, "the little ones come back to me. They come every night. They talk to me: they tell me that they are happy—happier even than when they were here with us; and they tell me not to be sorry."

I felt certain that her vision was the result of nerves and a spirit overwrought. Two nights later, however, shortly after midnight, I heard her calling to me, and, entering her room, found her propped up on one elbow, gazing at the opposite wall.

"Don't you see them?" she cried. "Can't you see them?"

I looked. There, by the draperies stood her two little girls. They were so lifelike that it seemed as if they were about to speak, or romp over to us, as they had so often done when alive. We watched them, scarce daring to breathe, until slowly the vision faded out.

When later the wounded began to pour back from the front, my hostess turned over this old palace to the Red Cross for use as a hospital, and I remained to render what service I could. One day, as I sat reading to an invalid officer in the room that had been hers, I was surprised to hear him say: "Madam, every night two little children visit this room; where do they come from and why are they here?"

The nurse supposed that his mind must be wandering, but I knew what he meant.

There is in the above story a delightful touch reminding one of Rudyard Kipling's beautiful vision-story "They."

Another lady, Marguerite Ober, of the Metropolitan Opera Company, writes:—

At the beginning of this awful war I had a friend who volunteered his services to the French. One night, in the midst of a dead sleep, a vision of him came to me suddenly, as distinct as if the scene were photographed and hung on the wall. I saw him wounded, lying in a trench, his life flowing away. The vision lasted for perhaps a minute and then faded out. I rose, turned on the light, and immediately wrote to a friend in France.

"I know that Bruno Seyler is dead," I wrote; "tell me the details."

My letter passed, in mid-ocean, a letter from a friend telling me of Bruno's death, and every detail was precisely as I had dreamed it.

Two days before the death of Ralph Berger, of the Metropolitan Company, I dreamed of his taking off; just one week later his friends were shocked to hear of his sudden death. Similar visions have come to me so often that I know they are something more than coincidence. But what they are, and how they come, and why, I cannot tell.

**L.S.A. SOCIAL MEETINGS.**—It will be observed from the announcements in another column that the autumn session of the London Spiritualist Alliance will open on Tuesday, October 3rd, at 110, St. Martin's-lane, at 3 p.m., with clairvoyant descriptions by Mr. A. Vout Peters, followed at 4 by a social meeting for Members only. It may be well to add that a second social meeting (to include Associates), and of which further notice will be given, has been arranged for 3 p.m. on Thursday, November 2nd.

**THE NEWS** of the transition of Mrs. Havelock Ellis, after a brief illness following a chill caught on the night of the last Zeppelin raid, will cause a pang of regret both among those who have had personal experience of her charm of character and the wider public who only knew her through her writings. Born in 1861, she early came to London and took up Socialist organising and propaganda work, becoming one of the founders of the "New Fellowship"—the forerunner of the Fabian Society. Only last October we reviewed a very beautiful book from her pen, entitled "Love Acre: an Idyll in Two Worlds," full of delicate fancy and a lofty spiritual atmosphere.

**MUSIC** is the religion of beauty and the beauty of religion.  
—COLIN McALPIN, in "Hermaia."



## SIDELIGHTS.

It is interesting to observe that the articles by "Rachel" which have appeared in our columns have been extensively quoted and passages from them reproduced in several journals at home and abroad.

It is a pleasure to be able to record that Vice-Admiral Usborne Moore is making a good recovery from the serious illness which has so long confined him to his room. A letter from him indicates that his friends in the Unseen were not unmindful of him and he gives us one interesting instance in point.

The "Daily Mirror" informs us that in future "the censor who watches our letters will frown on those passing between fortune-tellers, 'pseudo-scientific institutions' and their clients." If this censorship is wisely exercised, we see no reason to complain. There are undoubtedly a great number of shady characters of this class who prey upon the gullibility of the public.

Mr. E. M. Darken, of Wellington, New Zealand, the New Zealand weather expert, some of whose predictions concerning the weather in this country appeared in *LIGHT* of September 11th, 1915, is now visiting London. He hopes, with the assistance of the High Commissioner of New Zealand, to find an opportunity of submitting his system of weather-forecasting to the Government with a view to its being investigated and tested by competent authorities.

Mr. J. W. Taylor, herbalist and healer (Sutton, Surrey), relates the following curious episode: On Thursday, the 7th inst., Mrs. Taylor, who is clairaudient, heard a voice say, "We are going to send you a lovely canary." About three-quarters of an hour afterwards a canary flew into the garden and perched on the lowest bough of a tree close to the back door. The little visitor showed every disposition to enter the house, but was evidently deterred by the presence of Mr. Taylor's dog. It remained some time singing and chirping, but eventually flew away. It is presumed to have come from some house in the neighbourhood. Both Mr. and Mrs. Taylor watched the bird for some time, Mrs. Taylor, of course, recognising it as the apparent fulfilment of the promise made to her.

Some weird stories of the "supernatural" are reported by Mr. J. C. Bristow-Noble in the "Daily Mail" of the 11th inst., as having been related to him by wounded soldiers in the grounds of a military hospital. One blue-clad hero told how on a certain night he was on sentry-go outside a barn in France when he heard the far-away mournful bay of a bloodhound. For five minutes he searched for the animal, but in vain; then something happened which froze his blood and caused him to drop his rifle. Not half a dozen yards away there suddenly came into being before his eyes, and as suddenly vanished, a brace of bloodhounds galloping past, linked together by a short chain, which glistened in the moonlight. He staggered into the barn and told his comrades. Just as they had arrived at the conclusion that the vision was the result of a momentary doze or stupor, some motor-cars arrived to take them to the firing-line, where their services were needed to help carry away some men who had been horribly mutilated by mine-explosions. He had since learned of others who had seen the hounds, and that on each occasion something great had taken place on the battle front.

Another apparition of which Mr. Bristow-Noble was informed was that of a fine old French soldier, wearing the equipment of 1870, who had been seen intermittently and in brief moments, ever since the beginning of the war, encouraging the troops, staying the hand of the enemy, and tending the wounded, and whose appearance was always closely followed by victory. Many of the men in the hospital grounds had heard something about this old warrior. Unfortunately the third yarn narrated to the "Daily Mail's" contributor is of so "tall" a character as greatly to damage the serious impression which the foregoing stories might otherwise make. The narrator, who had fought in the Dardanelles, vouched for having witnessed the remarkable spectacle of the head and limbs of a pal, whom he had just seen blown to pieces by a shell, reunite themselves to the trunk. This hardly comes under the category of "ghost stories," but it undoubtedly belongs to the "supernatural" in the claims it makes on human credulity. From an artistic point of view it would have added a finishing touch if the corpse had come to life again instead of merely presenting the appearance of having been killed by shock!

In the "Star" of the 14th inst. appears a letter from Lady Barrett, M.D., appealing for aid on behalf of the Women's League of Service and its Infant Welfare Centres in various parts of London. These centres provide health visitors who work under the medical officers of health of the various districts, dinners for nursing and expectant mothers, classes for cookery, needlework, infant care, &c. £500 is urgently needed to maintain the centres at the same standard of efficiency. Contributions should be sent to the Secretary or Hon. Treasurer at the head office, 31A, Mortimer-street, W.

In the same issue of the "Star" is a thrilling article in praise of the "Sappers" and their great deeds in the fighting in France and elsewhere. The article derived an added interest from the reflection that our old contributor, "M. E.", who is one of this band of heroes, has gained by his exploits the coveted distinction of D.S.O.

## THE NEW DISPENSATION.

The editor of "The World's Advance Thought" (Portland, Oregon, U.S.A.) has her moments of vision, in which, like Tennyson, she "dips into the future." Here is one of them. May the sequel prove her a true seer!

It has been revealed to me that phases of life and character, represented by different sects, races, nations, and conditions of men, are but different states of consciousness, due to circumstances of origin and association; that they are all degrees of divergence from Absolute Good: that they are all parts of a whole—actors or acts in a drama or comedy, notes in a symphony, colours in a scene; that they are all good in their places; all necessary parts of one universal plan, and are all moving onward and upward in one grand array, one unbroken chain of cause and effect—all guided and ruled by the Omnipotent Power, which acts, not by jerks, or spasms, or passions, but by immutable, inexorable law—a law that makes toward love, but never swerves from justice; a perfect law, which must be fulfilled. . . .

Out of the chaotic confusion of earth's dissensions and discords, its wars and cruelties, its bigotry and intolerance under the mask of religion; its dens of ignorance, slavery, vice and greed; robbery of the poor under the name of law, borne by a new love and a new inspiration, above the misery and pestilential atmosphere overshadowing it, I saw the grander, better transformation-scene pen cannot picture and portray—the transformation of evil into good, the regeneration of earth: the clothing of it in spiritual wealth.

Nineteen hundred and nineteen and nineteen hundred and twenty will be fruit-bearing years! They will be the harvest years of the sowing of the century and they will yield mostly excellent fruit!

THE ETERNAL PARADOX.—All the great basic facts of life have their fullest statement in the shape of a paradox. "He who will save his life shall lose it." "He saved others, himself he cannot save." . . . No man really possesses anything until he has given it away. A Watt may have the notion of an improved steam engine, but until he has worked out his idea, tested it and made it work for others, it is no possession of his. When once he has given it to the world it is his for ever. It is easy to obtain cheap amusement over the paradoxes of life; but this does not carry us far. It is of much greater importance to marry the two aspects of a paradox and bring them to a practical issue.—DR. J. H. CLARKE.

HAWTHORNE ON EMERSON.—With the wide-spreading influence of a great original thinker, Emerson's mind acted upon other minds with wonderful magnetism. People that had lighted on a new thought came to him, as the finder of a glittering gem hastens to a lapidary, to ascertain its quality and value. Uncertain, troubled, earnest wanderers through the midnight of the moral world beheld his intellectual fire as a beacon burning on a hill-top. For myself, there had been epochs in my life when I too might have asked of this prophet the master-word that would solve me this riddle of the universe. But now, being happy, I felt as if there were no question to be put, and therefore admired Emerson as a poet of deep beauty and austere tenderness, but sought nothing of him as a philosopher. It was good, nevertheless, to meet him, with that pure intellectual gleam diffused about his presence, like the garment of a shining one, and he so quiet, so simple, so without pretension, encountering every man alive as if expecting to receive more than he could impart. But it was impossible to dwell in his vicinity without inhaling, more or less, the mountain atmosphere of his lofty thoughts, which in the brains of some people wrought a singular giddiness—new truth being as heady as new wine.—NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.



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*A Journal of Psychical, Occult, and Mystical Research.*

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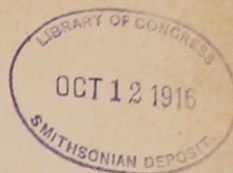
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### NOTES BY THE WAY.

The Literary Supplement of the "Times" is remarkable not only for the fine literary quality of many of its articles but also for the deeper note of spirituality which finds rich expression in some of them. A recent issue of the journal contains an admirable essay, "Poetry and the Intuitions of Immortality." The writer finds in poetry part of the universal tendency to beauty. After dealing with the poetry of Meredith, Matthew Arnold and others, with special reference to their power of response to the divine element of Beauty immanent in all creation, the writer proceeds:—

The delight and desire which are our natural response to beauty are, when that response is pure, a religious delight and a religious desire. They melt together into reverent love. And just as the sight of the eye implies colour and a visible object, so these emotions of the spirit imply the existence of a spiritual being as the object which has evoked them and towards whom they are directed. The universal evocation by the beauty of the visible world of an intuitional love and worship implies a lovable creator. Love is more than beauty, and the quality we observe in created things of a beauty that has descended upon them is clearly the gift of love. It is because beauty points us upward to this halo of love that it satisfies the soul and assures it that the demands of love will be fulfilled. And since we know that in the life which death closes they are unfulfilled, it is an irresistible inference that the soul survives.

It is no disparagement of the evidences of psychic science to admit that truly illuminated minds can dispense with its evidences of immortality—and we use the word immortality advisedly, for it has been well said that if man can survive the shock of physical dissolution that is sufficient practical proof that he is made for Eternity.

\* \* \* \*

It is an unusually long article, that to which we have referred in the previous Note, but its length is amply justified by the importance of its theme. In his concluding remarks its writer eloquently summarises his conclusions:—

Our suggestion is that the great fabric of poetry rests upon a certain intuitional knowledge or mystical certainty as to the ultimate nature of things. Poetry, we suggest, springs from the love of beauty, but perishes when it takes beauty for its end. In poetry, as elsewhere, beauty is that which follows or is given when ends are attained, and the end for poetry is maintenance and increase of spiritual life. This life resides in persons, and its substance is what we call the soul. True poetry, we conceive, is everywhere a study and expression of the soul as the highest known value, the one enduring reality, and of its beauty as proceeding from its goodness. "Surely the light is good, and it is a pleasant thing to behold the sun." Surely the light of the spirit is good also; the soul asserting it asserts in the same breath its identity with the source of good and finds the promise of its immortality.

The findings of psychological science, however logically complete, require to be integrated with the higher-revelations of the intuition which discerns the principles of life and relates

them to the facts expressed and certified on the lower levels of human activity. That is part of what has been called the "great Synthesis" which is proceeding so rapidly to-day. It can only be truly seen by the mind which can take both high and low within its grasp, disdaining neither.

\* \* \* \*

A correspondent, who has contributed much valuable thought to our literature, questions the complete truth of the following passage which she takes from an article in a Hindu periodical:—

According to Hindu doctrine of the evolution of the senses, the sense of touch was latent in sound, colour in touch, taste in colour and smell in taste. Two more senses are yet undeveloped. . . . These two senses like the other five are latent in every man and evolution is sure to develop them. . . . As soon as direct perception is attained matter appears as a phenomenon veiling the substance which is the object of the sixth sense. . . . The seat of this faculty is the point situated between the eyebrows in the forehead. The process of developing it is purely intuitive; one essential condition for cognition of this nature must be the complete suspension of the faculties of sight, touch, taste, smell and hearing. The next condition is the development of the power of concentration to its supreme degree.

Our contributor writes:—

Are the Hindu philosophers correct? If there is a sixth sense latent in us as the others have been it would be more in harmony with the law of evolution to suppose that, like each of the others, it can co-exist and *operate in harmony* with them. The sense of colour does not require for its activity the cessation of the sense of touch, or of smell or taste; and if there is this higher faculty is it likely that its development will reverse the modes of evolution hitherto employed? It is true that our limitations require that we should concentrate our attention on certain faculties whilst we are at an early stage of their development. We may see an object better if we are not attending to other senses at the same time, we may hear music better if we close our eyes; but this is due not to the perfection, but to the imperfection of our conditions; and even now a beautiful scene may increase our enjoyment of music, and *vice-versa*.

\* \* \* \*

Pursuing the subject, our correspondent proceeds:—

It is in accordance with Hindu ideals, and the Hindu religion which embodies these ideals, thus to separate the physical from the psychical and the spiritual; it is not in accord, however, with the Christian ideal as revealed in "the Man Christ Jesus." The harmonious unity of that life in which the outward and the inward, the lower and the higher, blended to make one whole, has shown us that there is something greater than ascetic renunciation of the senses (though this may be a necessary discipline for some); that man rises to his full stature only when all the faculties work together as the expression of one life ministering to the perfect development of human capacity by their harmonious exercise in true relation to the high purpose of Mankind's existence. This truth is writ large upon the life of Him who ate and drank with men both before and after His uprising. Those who have learned this lesson have found the secret of growth, in the rhythm of a balanced life; they have an undying enthusiasm for social reform, together with a profound sense of that which matters *most*. Perhaps we have here the clue to the difference between Eastern and Western progress in social activities. In the West the sixth faculty is slow in developing, but where it does develop the aim must be to use it in co-ordination with all the other faculties, not to disparage the first in developing the later; lop-sided growth has in it an element of weakness, which is repulsive. Plato was aware of this when he framed the prayer, "Give me beauty in the inward soul; and may the outward and the inward man be as one."



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The doors will be opened at 7 o'clock, and the meeting will commence punctually at 7.30.

Admission by ticket only. Two course tickets are sent at the beginning of the season to each Member, and one to each Associate. Other friends desiring to attend any of the lectures can obtain tickets by applying to Mr. F. W. South, 110, St. Martin's-lane, W.C., accompanying the application by a remittance of 1s. for each ticket.

Addresses will also be given in the Salon in the closing months of the year, as follows:—

Thursday, Nov. 16—"Egyptian Religion: The Book of the Dead," by Mr. J. H. Van Stone.

Thursday, Dec. 14—"Psychic Science in Serbia," by Count Miyatovich (political and other engagements permitting).

## MEETINGS AT 110, ST. MARTIN'S LANE, W.C.

FOR THE STUDY OF PSYCHICAL PHENOMENA.

CLAIRVOYANT DESCRIPTIONS.—Tuesday next, October 3rd, Mr. A. Vout Peters at 3 p.m. No one will be admitted after that hour. (See notice below.)

MEMBERS' SOCIAL MEETING.—Tuesday next, October 3rd, at 4 p.m., for members only.

PSYCHIC CLASS.—Thursday next, October 5th, at 5 p.m., the first of a series of lectures by Mr. W. J. Vanstone, Ph.D., on "Phases of Mediumship." (For Syllabus see below.)

INFORMAL GATHERINGS.—Members and Associates are invited to attend the rooms at 110, St. Martin's-lane, on Friday afternoon, October 6th, from 3 to 4, and to introduce friends interested in Spiritualism, for informal conversation, the exchange of experiences, and mutual helpfulness.

TALKS WITH A SPIRIT CONTROL.—On Friday next, October 6th, at 4 p.m., "Morambo," the guide of Mrs. M. H. Wallis, will speak briefly upon the first of a series of special subjects relating to the conditions of the Future Life (see List below), and will afterwards answer questions from the audience (written or otherwise) pertinent to the subject or arising out of the statements made.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.—Admission to the Tuesday Séance is strictly confined to Members and their personal friends, for whom Members have the privilege of purchasing tickets at one shilling each, if application be made before the date of meeting. Each ticket must bear the name and address of the person using it, and be signed by the Member through whom it is obtained. To all other meetings visitors can be admitted on payment of one shilling.

## Lectures by Mr. W. J. Vanstone, Ph.D.

- October 5th.—Mediumship: its Larger Meaning.
- " 12th.—Mediumship: the Personal Equation.
- " 19th.—Mediumship and the Imagination.
- " 26th.—The American Indian Phase.
- November 9th.—The Hindoo Phase.
- " 16th.—The Islamic Phase.
- " 23rd.—The Chinese Phase.
- " 30th.—The Persian Phase.
- December 7th.—The Egyptian Phase.
- " 14th.—The Greek Phase.

## Subjects of "Talks with a Spirit Control."

- Oct. 6th.—Conditions Attendant on Entry into the Spirit World.
- " 13th.—Vesture of the Soul After Death.
- " 20th.—Order and Government of the Spirit World.
- " 27th.—Homes, Institutions and Occupations.

Nov. 3rd.—Education and Progressive Development of Spirit People.

" 10th.—Language and Methods of a Communication.

" 17th.—Work in Connection with the Physical and Psychological Worlds.

" 24th.—Heaven, Hell and Other Conditions.

Dec. 1st.—Angelic Ministers, Guardians, Guides and Associates.

" 8th.—Religious Ceremonies and Worship.

" 15th.—The Responsibility of the Individual Self to the Whole Universe.

## DREAMS AS AVENUES TO KNOWLEDGE.

## THE WISDOM OF SLEEP.

A new book, "Four-Dimensional Vistas," by Claude Bragdon (New York: Alfred A. Knopf), is creating much interest amongst thoughtful readers on the other side of the Atlantic.

Professor Bragdon (states "Current Opinion" in a notice of the work) says that our sense of time is wholly dependent upon the rapidity with which impressions succeed one another. Were we capable of receiving only one impression an hour, like a bell struck every sixty minutes with a hammer, the ordinary term of life would seem very short. On the other hand, if our time-sense were always as acute as it is in dreams, uncounted eons would seem to be lived through in the comparatively short interval between childhood and old age.

Imagine a music machine so cunningly constructed as not only to sound each note and chord in its proper sequence and relation but to regulate also the duration of the sound vibration. If this machine were operated in such a manner as to play, in a single second of time, the entire overture of an opera which would normally occupy half an hour, we should hear only an unintelligible noise a second long. This would be due to no defect in the sound-producing mechanism but to the limitations of the sound-receiving mechanism—our auditory apparatus. Could this be altered to conform to the unusual conditions, could it capture and convey to consciousness every note of the overture in a second of time, that second would seem to last half an hour, provided that every other criterion for the measurement of what we call duration were denied for the time being.

The argument is continued with the following quotation from the book:—

## A HIGHER DIMENSIONAL LIFE.

Now dreams seem long; we only discover afterwards and by accident their almost incredible brevity. May we not—must we not—infer from this that the body is an organ of many stops and more than one keyboard, and that in sleep it gives forth this richer music? The theory of a higher-dimensional existence during sleep accounts in part for the great longing for sleep. "What is it that is much desired by man, but which they know not while possessing?" asks Leonardo. "It is sleep," is his answer. This longing for sleep is more than a physical longing, and the refreshment it brings is less of the flesh than of the spirit. It is possible to withstand the deprivation of food and water longer and better than the deprivation of sleep. Its recuperative power is correspondingly greater.

## TESTED BY EXPERIMENTS.

Experiments have been made with mature university students by which they have been kept awake ninety-six hours. When the experiments were finished, the young men were allowed to sleep themselves out, until they felt they were thoroughly rested. All awoke from a long sleep completely refreshed, but the one who took longest to restore himself from his protracted vigil slept only one-third more time than was regular with him. And this has been the experience over and over again of men in active life who have been obliged to keep awake for long periods by the absolute necessities of the situation in which they have been placed.

Where is consciousness during these intervals, long or short, when the senses fail to respond to the stimuli of the external world? It is somewhere else, awake to some other environment. Though we may not be able to verify this from our own experience, there are methods whereby it can be verified. Clairvoyance is one of these, hypnotism is another—that kind



of hypnotism whereby an entranced person is made to give a report of his excursions and adventures in the mysterious House of Sleep.

It is noted that dream experiences of the trance order increase in intensity and coherence and that a wider range of knowledge is gained in proportion to the depth of the trance. The possibilities of deception, however, lead to an attitude of scepticism, or at least of extreme caution on the part of scientists as regards evidence drawn from this source, however convincing it may seem at first sight.

#### THE REALITY OF DREAM EXPERIENCE.

But however good the evidence, we shall fail to make out a case unless dream experiences are conceded to be as real as any other. The reluctance we may have to make this concession comes first from the purely subjective character of dreams, and secondly from their triviality and irrationality—it is as though the muddy sediment of daytime thought and feeling and that alone were there cast forth. In answer to the first objection, advanced psychology affirms that the subconscious mind, from which dreams arise, approaches more nearly to the omniscience of true being than the rational mind of waking experience. This triviality and irrationality of dreams are sufficiently accounted for if the dream state is thought of as the meeting place of two conditions of consciousness: the foam and flotsam "of perilous seas in faery lands forlorn," whose vastitude, whose hidden life, and rich argosies of experience can only be inferred from the fret of the tide on their nether shore—the tired brain in sleep.

#### DREAMING TRUE.

For it is the *remembered* dream alone that is incoherent—the dream that comes clothed in the rags and trappings of this work-a-day world, and so leaves some recoverable record on the brain. We all feel that the dreams we cannot remember are the most wonderful. Who has not wakened with the sense of some incommunicable experience of terror or felicity, too strange and poignant to submit itself to concrete symbolisation, and so is groped for by the memory in vain? We know that dreams grow more ordered and significant as they recede from the surface of consciousness to its depths. Deep-sleep dreams are in the true sense clairvoyant, though for the most part irrecoverable—"Canst thou draw out Leviathan with an hook?" Du Prel and others have shown that the difference between ordinary dreaming, somnambulance, trance and ecstasy is only a matter of redistribution of thresholds—that they are all related states and merge into one another. We have, therefore, every right to believe that for a certain number of hours out of the twenty-four we are all sybils and seers however little most of us are able to profit by it. Infrequently, in moments of peculiar susceptibility, the veil is lifted, but the art of *dreaming true* remains for the most part unmastered—one of the precious gifts which the future holds in store for the sons and daughters of men.

#### BEAUTY AND DIVINITY.

The Rev. F. Fielding Ould writes:—

"In the best painting we are at one with Nature, but in the best music we are at one with God." This epigram of Colin McAlpin's, quoted in *LIGHT* on September 2nd, seems to me far from expressing the truth. Music is one medium for expressing thought and emotion, and, if a little less sympathetic or universally understood, so are form and colour. Music is not always Divine and may send forth a message and clothe thoughts anything but God-like. There is a suggestive music which opens before the hearer the very gates of hell. The best music lifts us towards God. But the "best painting" is very far from being a mere copy of Nature; the portrait painter is not content with drawing the outline of a mouth or finding the exact colour of an eye, he encourages his subject to talk, to express his character and animate his features. Then he labours to stamp upon his canvas something of the man's inner spirit. So in a battle picture, a landscape or a sea piece. It is the spirit, the essential character of the scene, which the artist seeks to catch, not a photographic facsimile of Nature. Does Mr. McAlpin, in the Sistine Madonna, see only a reproduction of Nature? Can he look upon the silent and proverbial primrose and only count the petals and mark the tone of yellow? And as a matter of fact, if in the "best painting" we are "at one with Nature," are we not therefore "at one with God"? It seems to me that all beauty, whether of melody, form, colour or conduct is a revelation of the perfection of God. Music may be more easily interpreted by some, but others will be moved to ecstasy by the visions of the delighted eye. "Shall the foot say, 'because I am not the hand I am therefore not of the body'?"

#### THE FACE AMONG THE RUINS.

Mr. H. Perry Robinson, the "Daily News" special correspondent at the British headquarters, in the course of his graphic story of the fight on Saturday, the 16th, which he regards as perhaps the greatest day since the battle of the Somme began, writes:—

At the point from which we watched there is a ruined church and graveyard, the church no more than a few ragged stumps of masonry and the graveyard a thing obscene and terrible. In one spot there still stands an angle of two church walls, a few feet high, and in the angle, still on her pedestal, is a carved stone figure of the Blessed Virgin, her robes still blue and pink and gold embroidered in spite of two months of exposure to the weather, and in spite of all the smoke and gas fumes which have swept over her; and her face is still serenely beautiful.

Around, on all sides of her, lie the ruins of war. Where the church began or ended you cannot tell, for there is nothing but bits of shattered stone, pieces of shells, and litter of equipment strewn the ground, on which there is no yard of level space, but only shell holes heaped with all the wreckage of battle. At some indeterminate point you pass from what was church to what was graveyard, where every vault is gaping, every grave has been ploughed up. Splintered grave-stones stand at all angles from dark holes, and ragged, twisted bits of iron monuments and crosses cover the ground or stand half upright; and everywhere, protruding from those gaping vaults and holes, and sticking out of the edges of the shell holes, are the bones of those who once occupied the graves.

It was very horrible, very wonderful, to stand there in the grey of dawn, amid a clamour and fury as if the world was truly coming to an end and all the graves around you had already given up their dead—and then to turn to the sweet Virgin in her blue and pink and gold with the infinite patience and eternal pity on her face.

#### A GENERATION AGO.

(FROM "LIGHT" OF OCTOBER 2ND, 1886.)

Mr. Sinnett's most recent novel, "United," is largely concerned with mesmerism and clairvoyance.

A Children's Progressive Lyceum was recently inaugurated by Mr. H. A. Kersey at Newcastle. Sixty children entered their names.

Mr. Norman Pearson has published another of the speculative papers, which are so full of interest, and to one of which I have drawn attention . . . In that paper, "After Death," he was speculating on the soul's future state; this time he is speculating on the mystery of the soul's past existence before its union with the physical body. That which is immortal cannot, he opines, be eternal at one end only. He sets himself to face this problem, and to throw upon it such light as can be got from the analogies of modern scientific research. And first of all he defines Soul to be "that permanent something by which each individual's personality is constituted and which we believe to persist after our present life and its transient attributes have disappeared." This definition contains a confusion in terms which pervades the whole essay. The writer confuses *individuality* with *personality*: the *Ego*, which is the essential self, with the *persona*, the mask which hides it. The *personality* of a man is that side of his true self which is presented to general observation. Of his true *individuality* the outer world knows nothing. Making this reservation, there is nothing in the definition that need be objected to. "Soul (to put it in another way) is the religious interpretation of the philosophical conception of the *Ego*."

—From "Notes" by "M.A. (Oxon.)."

It will be seen from our advertisement columns that Mrs. Rachel J. Fox, whose previous books, reviewed by us in the past, threw much light on the inner meaning of the Gospels and the Old Testament, has issued a new work dealing with the significance to the present age both of the Biblical prophecies and of those of Joanna Southcott. It is entitled "Revelation on Revelation and These Latter Days."



OFFICE OF "HT," 110, ST. MARTIN'S LANE,  
LONDON, W.C.  
SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 30TH, 1916.

## Light:

A Journal of Psychical, Occult, and Mystical Research.

PRICE TWOPENCE WEEKLY.

COMMUNICATIONS intended to be printed should be addressed to the Editor, Office of LIGHT, 110, St. Martin's-lane, London, W.C. Business communications should in all cases be addressed to Mr. F. W. South, Office of LIGHT, to whom Cheques and Postal Orders should be made payable.

Subscription Rates.—LIGHT may be had free by post on the following terms:—Twelve months, 10s. 10d.; six months, 5s. 5d. Payments must be made in advance. To United States, 2dol. 70c. To France, Italy, &c., 13 francs 86 centimes.

Wholesale Agents: Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent and Co., Ltd., 31, Paternoster-row, London, E.C., and LIGHT can be ordered through all Newsagents and Booksellers.

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## WAR PROPHECY: SOME REFLECTIONS.

The paragraph which, reprinted from LIGHT of September 11th, 1886, appeared in our issue of the 9th inst. (page 294) has a curious interest. It seems worth repeating here:—

The seers and prophets of the present day are unanimous in their predictions that the world is on the eve of great disturbances, both of a moral and physical nature. The thousands of intelligences from the world of spirits that come back to comfort and instruct humanity, all join in the same prophetic warnings of commotion just ahead such as the world has seldom or never experienced.

That may not amount to a "war prophecy," but it is at least significant. While we cannot point to any prophecy of the present catastrophe which is in itself definite and exact in character both as to times and events, the well-authenticated predictions from various sources which we have printed from time to time, when placed together very strikingly rebut the assertion made in some quarters that the war was not foreseen by psychical methods. (Of course there have been a multitude of "war prophets" since that fatal August of 1914, whose predictions as to the date of the end of the war and other matters have been continually falsified, to the great chagrin of the prophets themselves and of those who relied upon them.) Years before the war we met persons who "sensed" and spoke of a terrible tribulation which was coming upon the world.

Not all of these people were psychics or mediums in any special sense. Politicians of the far-seeing type many years ago had more or less vague glimpses of what was coming, and looked to the Balkans as the place where the "trouble" would most likely originate. They saw in the "Balkan question," as it was called, a continual menace to the peace of Europe. But it is doubtful whether they expected that the conflagration would assume anything like its present dimensions. Those who studied the social portents and tendencies of the age had a deeper sense of the coming world-catastrophe. To them politics were largely a surface matter. They discerned the presence of a disease that, cancer-like, was eating into the heart of the world, and they felt that, unless its progress was stayed by some terrific calamity the outlook was hopeless. They held that humanity was little by little losing touch of spiritual ideals, and fixing its gaze increasingly on material ends as being the only things that mattered. It was "sowing to the flesh" assiduously, holding that as the present life was the only one any man could be sure of, he was a fool if he did not try to make the most of it. A

bird in the hand, said the worldly wise, was worth two in the bush as much in the large issues of life as in the small. Competition grew keener and keener, men were valued not for what they were but for what they had. In the commercial and industrial worlds it became a case of "Every man for himself and the devil take the hindmost." Many of us watched with pained interest the transformation from the old quiet, leisurely dignity of a past age to a struggle that under the whips of hustlers and "Napoleons" of finance and industry became almost frenzied in its intensity. The weakest went to the wall in every direction. That, indeed, we were told, was in accordance with the "law" of existence. But, as it seemed then, and as it still seems, these rulers and drivers of men were merely the agents—we had almost said the puppets—of higher Powers. They did much temporary mischief, but they also did much permanent good. They cleared away many cobwebs and sent their brooms vigorously into many dark corners. They routed out the idlers and woke up the apathetic and inert. Many a slumbering, indifferent soul, content to drift along without effort, was roused into life and activity by their rude onslaught. They stirred into animation, in many cases, latent powers of spiritual vision and constructive energy which were destined in the end to keep humanity on the right road by preserving those ideals which alone can ensure its salvation. These awakened minds, having the root of the matter within them, abandoned their lotus-eating, their complacent resignation to the order of the ancient world, and joined forces with the remnant who, faithful to the idea of a Divine order, refused to bow the knee to Baals, new or old. The vision had grown dim, but it remained, and those who held by it stood firm. At last came the great explosion—the mighty upheaval of pent forces deep in the recesses of the social order. It would never have come but for these true men and women, the seers, the thinkers, the tireless workers who so consistently followed the gleam. They presented the point of spiritual resistance against the rebellion of a lower order of life and thought. Had they been stronger, more numerous, the great calamity might have been averted and its component forces gradually dissolved away in the outworking of the social evolution. But it was not to be. The canker had eaten too deep, and the last great test of Materialism and its ideals had to be made. The conflict raged—and still rages—on every plane of existence. It could not have been otherwise. And—so it appears to us—in spite of all its almost infinite horror and misery the fact that there is a conflict is evidence that the animating spirit has not been quenched, that the disease has not taken so firm hold on the race that there is no longer the power to expel it.

We have heard much in connection with the present war of a contest between Black and White Powers. But none are wholly black or entirely white. These arbitrary divisions are beyond us. It may serve as a figure of speech of the Miltonic order to depict a combat on one side of which are ranged all the angels and on the other all the devils. To endorse such a classification, however, would suggest a mind of the elementary order. Nor can we accept that refuge of the intellectually destitute—the argument (it comes from a few irreconcilables at the other extreme) which is colloquially expressed as "six of one and half-a-dozen of the other." Between the violent "Patriot" and the obstinate—and occasionally rancorous—"Pacifist," it seems a counsel of wisdom to seek the "golden mean." Those nations who are ranged in battle against the Germanic forces are fighting for a vastly greater ideal than world-supremacy.



The war, we are told, could easily have been avoided. Looking back at the accumulation of evils which festered not in one of the nations but in all, and which could only be expelled by such a violent purgation, we take leave to doubt it. Moreover, there is a "peace" that is more deadly than war—it is the peace of stagnation and corruption in which the life is eaten away in silence without the throes of resistance and revolt. From such a peace we have been saved, but "so as by fire."

Life throughout, it seems, is controlled by two great forces which appear to be perpetually at war, but which between them maintain everything in equipoise. We cannot hold entirely by one or the other. We must take both into account and so order our lives that each of those laws of attraction and repulsion shall have its due action. To throw ourselves entirely on the one side or the other is to become unbalanced—that error is at the root of all the sects, parties, cults and systems that have kept the world in a continual state of division. To-day all these petty wars have become more or less fused into a mighty conflict of vaster issues. Behind all is the resistless urge of the Power that makes for righteousness, and that, patient but exactly just, holds on its way, scattering and grinding to dust everything which, whether unconsciously or deliberately, obstructs its path.

Those who by any sense of perception, intuitive or intellectual, discerned the presence of these obstructions could have foretold the war. And had they been able exactly to gauge the nature of the obstacles to be overcome they could have assured themselves that it was inevitable—the Only Way.

## THE MISSION OF SPIRITUALISM.

ITS MESSAGE FOR THE AGE.

By HENRY FOX.

Spiritualists seem to be absorbed in the phenomena of Spiritualism. Nothing short of psychic experience seems to interest them greatly. Just now psychic messages from the departed, psychic prophecies of the future, psychic visions and photographs and materialisations seem to occupy all their thoughts and interest.

It is all very natural, for these things are full of wonderful interest, but the real importance of these things lies deeper than the phenomena themselves. It lies in the message to all humanity which they imply. The reality of some of the manifestations may be doubted. They often are: not altogether without good reason. There are quacks and charlatans in every science. The science of Spiritualism is not free from these any more than is medical science or surgical science, chemistry or theology.

The point of real importance is whether the foundation of Spiritual Science lies in realities as indisputable as those of all other recognised sciences.

It is idle to throw scorn on Spiritual Science because there are pretended fortune-tellers and crystal gazers, clairvoyants and others who trade on the credulity of ignorant and unscientific minds.

There is no hard and fast rule by which the spurious can be distinguished from the real—it is all a matter of evidence and character.

But no scientific mind who has studied the evidence can doubt the reality of the main phenomena. This evidence has satisfied the minds of some of the greatest scientists and some of our clearest heads in business and politics: well known all the world over. The history of Spiritualism confirms their views. Anyone who reads William Howitt's "History of the Supernatural" can hardly doubt the historical facts recorded from the dawn of history till now. A man becomes a Spiritualist when he takes these facts into his own consciousness,

and recognises them in himself. Psychic experience, personal to himself, will greatly help him, but it is not a necessary element in his conviction. Real psychic gifts are rare and inexplicable. "The wind bloweth where it listeth." Like the gift of music, of artistic taste, of memory, of eloquence, of sound judgment, of poetic vision and of literary power, the psychic gift is as mysterious as the origin of the wind, but it is as real also as the wind, and it can be cultivated and developed like all other natural gifts.

Now the message of Spiritualism is not confined to those who have psychic gifts. It is a message for all men, and therein lies its great future. It is a message confirming the truths which underlie all our ancient and modern religions and which are confined to none of them. It is a proof beyond all doubt or question that man is a spiritual being. It is a further revelation of the nature of his future existence. It upsets most theological dogmas and schemes of salvation, but it substitutes something far more satisfactory and credible, namely, that the fundamental laws which other sciences have discovered in Nature extend also to the spiritual life of man both here and hereafter.

The means of communication are at present limited and imperfectly understood, and the object of Spiritual Science is to learn more of the operation of spiritual laws.

Physical science ends in the discovery of life within all things down to the very ultimate atoms of all matter. Spiritual Science begins where physical science leaves off, and, reaching out into regions where these spiritual forces exist and operate, it arrives at the conclusion at which the ancient Greeks also arrived when Empedocles wrote these remarkable words: "Spiritual forces control the visible world." This is a message from Spiritualism which is being every day confirmed to those who regard themselves as spirits here and now as much as hereafter. Once convince a man that he is a living spirit now, and you at once unify his attitude in life with all his fellow-spirits. You create a unity of interests with all others around him, and this unity of interests is going to solve the social and economic problems which will require a sound and safe solution when this war leaves the nations free to reconstruct their own civilisation.

The message of Spiritualism is, therefore, a message of the profoundest importance to the human race.

To us here in England it is of the most vital moment, for it implies a great mission to the nation. It is a mission of unity, because it reveals our real identity. Our interests are not really in opposition, because we are all one. Our material interests, under the influence of the competitive struggle for material wealth, or for the means of livelihood, are obviously antagonistic. But they are not our real interests, because our bodies are not ourselves. If we are really spiritual beings, as Spiritualism proves we are, we hold all our private property, all our gifts and all our talents, in trust for the whole community, because we thereby act in harmony with the spiritual laws of health and happiness which control our real selves. It is not to be done either from hope of reward hereafter or from fear of punishment, but it is to be done because it is our real nature to do it. If we were so made, we cannot avoid doing this. We must fulfil our destiny by submitting to the laws of our being. If we strive against Nature we shall be beaten, and we shall have to learn the lesson of life hereafter which we might have learnt here. The lesson can be learnt without any psychic powers within ourselves, by the aid of a little cold common-sense. The spirit within us and in our neighbours will, however, soon warm us up to our work. Our self-sacrifice will become a pleasure and a great joy, as well as a great duty. Before such a spirit in the nation, the problems of reconstruction which now threaten us with war at home, when war abroad has gone but has destroyed our "wealth," will meet with a victorious solution. Victory at home is better for us than victory abroad, but if we get victory abroad and war at home, our last state will be worse than our first.

When we feel ourselves to be trustees for another; when our work is honestly done and honestly paid for; when the ignorance, degradation, and poverty of the masses are attacked, as the real enemies of our nation and of ourselves, with all



the brains, the labour, the capital, and the private possessions of the individuals of the nation, then we shall become a race worthy of the heroes who have sacrificed themselves and all that they have and are in defence of our honour and our country. If we beat our foes at home as our soldiers and sailors have beaten the Germans, we shall be able to welcome the survivors back to our land without a feeling of shame in our hearts.

This is what is meant by the Mission of Spiritualism.

## THE SO-CALLED "MUMMY OF EVIL."

### A DIFFERENT VERSION OF THE STORY.

Miss E. Katharine Bates writes us that she is much puzzled by the statements in regard to the "mummy of evil" and the quotation from Dr. Budge, of the British Museum, which appeared in our issue of the 9th inst., and which were taken from an article by Marion Ryan in the "Weekly Dispatch." Miss Bates gives the following account of the matter:—

Let me tell you that I know at first hand about the mummy case in the British Museum, presented by the late Mr. Douglas Murray many years ago. There was never any question of this containing a mummy. He was advised to offer it to the Museum because of the many misfortunes which happened to him and several of his friends whilst it was in his possession. Mr. Murray, whom I knew personally quite well, spent an afternoon with me at the Lyceum Club and told me the whole story of his acquiring the case in Egypt and what happened later. It was in the early 'sixties that he (then a very young man) and two young men friends spent a winter in Egypt for shooting, &c. During one of these expeditions he left his dragoman in Cairo, and told him to keep an eye upon anything really worth buying in the way of antiquities. When the trio returned, this beautiful mummy case was one of a few valuable purchases made by the dragoman. Douglas Murray told me that, for some unknown reason, he felt at once a repugnance to taking it, and as his friends rather reproached him for not having shared his spoils with them, he proposed that they should draw lots. To his disgust the mummy case fell to him. Now comes the only part of the newspaper accounts which Mr. Murray did not endorse. The papers used to say that his arm was shot off by one of his Arabs. This was not true, but he *did* lose his right arm very shortly after taking over the case. He was out duck-shooting one day when the gun he was carrying burst and shattered his arm so badly that it had to be amputated in Cairo. He described the agony he suffered in the journey to Cairo in those days. On their way home one of his companions died and one or two other misfortunes occurred which he began to attribute to the mummy case, thinking the High Priestess might resent its having been removed. Anyway, he told the story to a Mrs. —, a well-known literary woman, a friend of his, whose name I had better not give. She begged him to let her have it, and unwillingly he consented after warning her, but she thought it was all superstition and coincidence combined. The following year it was again in his hands. Mrs. — had experienced two very marked calamities since she took it to her house, and declined keeping it longer.

Then it was that a friend suggested its being presented to the British Museum, on the ground that such an institution could hardly be affected by the loss of an arm or money or friends. He agreed to do this, but on meeting an old friend, a Captain W—, in town and telling him of his resolve, the latter tried to dissuade him, and failing to do so, begged that the mummy case might be sent to him in Hertfordshire for a week, so that he might copy some of the decorations and paintings, promising to take every care of it, and to make all arrangements for its going direct to the British Museum if desired. Mr. Murray complied with this request. Within six months Captain W— had committed suicide. Mr. Murray wished a photograph (still to be seen) to be taken by an eminent photographer before the case was sent to the Museum, and this was done. The young man who was ordered to convey the case in a cab to the photographer's committed suicide very shortly afterwards, and a few months later the man who took the photograph died (I cannot remember if this death also was suicide).

In December, 1901, I was staying in London with an acquaintance who was then a Theosophist. One morning she invited me to accompany her to the British Museum and try to find this mummy case, having heard that it could be identified by the photograph which was fastened outside. I could not go that morning and she returned at lunch time, having spent

several hours in a vain search. It was then arranged that Mrs. —, a well-known Theosophist, should go with her. (I had been in London by this time.) I understood that Dr. Budge consented to join the party, that he located the case—although the photograph was *inside*, not outside—and that my acquaintance, Mrs. K—, was allowed to climb up some steps and make a sketch of the Priestess from an upper angle. (She wrote several sheets to me about this at the time.) It had been said that the photograph when taken showed an entirely different face from the painting on the front of the case. Mrs. K— (an artist herself) did not agree with this but wished to see if it might look very different from some other angle of vision. Her conclusion was that the face in the photograph and that on the case were essentially the same.

Now, as Dr. Budge was present (she would hardly have been able to get the steps otherwise) I cannot understand his apparently ignoring altogether this special mummy case presented by Mr. Douglas Murray, for in the statement quoted in *LIGHT* he only speaks of two mummies, one of which belonged to Mr. Ingram and the other to an Englishwoman who does not appear to have given it to the British Museum at all!

The Douglas Murray case I saw for myself years ago, in the room the centre of which was filled by the glass case containing the prehistoric man with reddish hair.

As Douglas Murray—a most upright and honourable gentleman—told me himself all about his adventures with the mummy case and its final consignment to the British Museum, I shall continue to believe in the truthfulness of the narrative. I am sure if he were alive he would not object to his name appearing in connection with the matter.

I have frequently heard the tale about the "Titanic," but never believed it. It seemed unlikely that the British Museum would sell such a valuable specimen which had been presented to them.

### MR. JOCHUMSSON'S ICELANDIC POEM.

Our old reader and occasional correspondent, Mr. Mathias Jochumsson, is represented in the "Times Literary Supplement" by a poem on Shakespeare which occupies two columns. It has been translated into English by Mr. Israel Gollan. Mr. Jochumsson is the veteran poet of Iceland and translator of Shakespeare into the Icelandic language. "No one," says the "Times," "more nobly represents the living tradition of Old Northern poetry." We give the last three stanzas of the poem:—

Blow hence, blow hence,  
the burning hate  
of blinded men  
afar from earth.  
Blow thou, blow,  
great reconciler,  
wake from their spells  
the senseless world!

Speak, Britain's hard,  
of better times!  
Through ages three,  
though thou art gone,  
hast sung of kinship,  
the goodwill of men,  
better than any,  
living or dead.

No mighty force,  
no fleets of war,  
can as thy spirit  
England guard!  
Blow thou, blow!  
Come better times.  
Thou and Albion  
shall live for aye!

The strength of all the hosts of heaven is with him who is faithful to the right.—LILIAN WHITING.

LEGACY TO "LIGHT."—The late Miss Emma Shorter, sister of Mr. Thomas Shorter, whose name, honoured in the literary world, was closely associated with Spiritualism in London a generation ago, was kind enough to bequeath in her will a sum of £20 to *LIGHT*, of which we have just received from her executors a first instalment of £10, the payment of the balance being contingent on the complete realisation of the estate, which, as in so many other instances, is very much at the mercy of war conditions.



## PSYCHIC SCIENCE IN ITALY.

In a recent personal letter to the Editor of *LIGHT*, Professor Falcomer, of Venice, referred to an article in the Italian journal, "L'Adriatico," a copy of which we subsequently obtained. Miss Geraldine de Robeck has kindly sent us the following translation of the article, which under the serial title, "Metapsychical Rubric," deals, as will be seen, with dreams relating to winning lottery numbers. While *LIGHT* has always disavowed any employment of psychical faculties in the direction of money-making, the facts recorded will have an interest for the unbiassed student of the phenomena of dreams.

Occupation of greater moment had forced us to suspend the "Metapsychical Rubric," and it is only with the hope of permitting winners of the Royal Lotto (National Lottery) to offer a part of their winnings to patriotic institutions, such as the Girl Aid and Defence Committee or the Red Cross Society, that we insert the following.

In publishing a few cases of winnings in the Lottery brought about by the supposed agency of dreams and in a spontaneous manner, we go surety for the fact that in all the cases referred to below the persons concerned were well known for their good faith and practical common sense.

The said cases are of two kinds—(1) dreams of the living (incarnate) and (2) dreams of the defunct (or discarnate). Cases of the second class predominate, probably by reason of the freedom of the soul and its clairvoyance in respect of the future.

## 1.—DREAMS OF THE LIVING.

I was spending my holiday with my family at Soliera, near Modena, in 1906, and there my mother, who unfortunately was ill at the time, was made the recipient of out-of-the-way acts of kindness on the part of the landlady of the villa at which we were staying. The woman's name was Augusta Righi—a creature of great simplicity and beyond all description good.

On our return from Soliera my wife received a letter from Madame Righi containing strange news. She related that on a certain night she dreamed that my mother entered the kitchen and told her to play number 9 in the National Lottery. Standing behind my mother in this dream was my youngest daughter, a girl of nine years of age, who also advised her to stake that number. Madame Righi promptly communicated the dream to an acquaintance, Signora A. Zambelli, and as two living people had appeared in the dream they made a combination of the numbers nine and two and they came out winners. Neither my mother nor my daughter remembered having had any dreams themselves in connection with the case cited above.

## 2.—DREAMS OF THE DEFUNCT.

In 1907 I again went with my family to Soliera. In the meantime a relation of Madame Righi had been taken to the hospital in Modena, being affected by an incurable disease. The women had always been friends, and Madame Righi had been kindness itself to the invalid both at home and at the hospital.

Shortly after our return to Venice at the end of the holidays, Madame Righi wrote telling of the death of her relative. Subsequently she wrote a lengthy epistle to my wife narrating another wonderful dream, this time about the departed woman.

Here, by the way, is a part of the letter:—

"She [the dead woman], poor thing, said to me in my dream, 'Augusta, you who tended me and sacrificed your life in my service, how shall I reward you?' And she gave me three numbers for the Lottery, and I played them and won five hundred and thirty-one francs!"

Signora B. L. J. F., an intimate friend of ours, has often told us that in a critical moment of her life she had been reluctantly compelled to raise a sum of money at the Monte di Pietà at P—, pledging a valuable pair of earrings which the Vice-Superior of the Convent of the Sisters of Charity had given to her daughter as a baptismal gift.

The Superior of the Convent had passed over some time when this occurred, and in a dream Madame B. said to her, "Oh! Mother! See what a sacrifice I have had to make!" "I know—I know," replied the nun, "but I can only give you number." And this she forthwith did.

The lady played this number at the next Lottery and won exactly the sum of money necessary to redeem the earrings.

Other cases of a similar kind follow, and Professor Falcomer, the writer, suggests that it would be interesting to follow the facts and arrive at some conclusion as to the amount of suggestion and thought-transference involved.

At the close of the article is the following note:—

The "Adriatico" published some time ago an article entitled "Beliefs of Men and Invisible Influence in War" by its illustrious collaborator Dr. Falcomer. We have now the pleasure of seeing that a translation by Miss Geraldine de Robeck of this interesting article in its entirety has appeared in *LIGHT*, the authoritative weekly London periodical devoted to psychic matters, and has since been reproduced in the "Harbinger of Light," the noted psychic organ of Melbourne.

## THE PAINLESSNESS OF DEATH.

In his "Psychological Inquirer" Sir Benjamin Brodie quotes the case of a sailor who, after his rescue from the sea, lay for a long time insensible. On recovering consciousness he declared "that he had been in heaven, and complained bitterly of his being restored to life as a great hardship."

In his "Historia Vitæ et Mortis" Bacon records the following incident. A young man, anxious to know what the feeling of those who hanged themselves might be, made a personal experiment. After he had been cut down and resuscitated he was asked what he had suffered, and he replied that he had felt no pain. ("*Ille interrogatus quid pœnis esset, retulit se dolorum non sensitisse.*")

The poet Cowper, who made at least three attempts to escape from the melancholy obsessions that from time to time rendered his life a misery, has put it on record that when he tried to commit suicide by hanging in his room in the Temple he experienced no pain.

Sir Francis Younghusband, that distinguished soldier who was the first to lead a British force to the forbidden capital of Thibet, was almost killed, a few years ago, by a motor-car which ran him down. He has enshrined his experiences in the delightful little book, "Within," which was the fruit of his convalescence. He says: "Then came the crash. I seemed to be whirling in a wild struggle with the machine. Was it to be death? It seemed it must be. And if death had resulted it would have been absolutely painless, for no pain had yet come. There would have been simply extinction, without suffering and without thought. I would just have been obliterated like a moth in the candle or the caterpillar beneath our feet, and suffered as little. In an instant the full current of life, with all its unfulfilled purposes, and ties of love and affection, would have been brought to a stop. But I myself would have felt as little as an electric lamp when the current is switched off. The light would have gone out, but there would have been no pain."

Tyndall, who was once rendered unconscious by an electric shock, believed that death by lightning stroke must be painless.

We begin our lives unconsciously. Not one of us has any memory of that sublime moment in our history when we first began to exist, or, as Tennyson has put it:—

Star and system rolling past  
A soul shall draw from out the vast,  
And strike his being into bounds.

We are equally unconscious of having suffered any pain at the moment of our birth. The pangs of birth are the mother's; the child, in all likelihood, does not suffer during its entry into the world, for its delicate organisation could not survive such an ordeal. And so it is not unlikely that when the end comes and we throw off life like a garment, we shall feel no pain.

—"The Adventure of Death,"

by R. W. MACKENNA, M.A., M.D.

THERE is nothing derogatory to the dignity of man in saying that he is a machine for transmuting one form of force into another, and that his well-being depends entirely on the integrity of his mechanism as a whole. That mechanism is at the same time most complex and most simple. Its inner operations are infinitely more complex than any machine invented by human ingenuity, and yet it is regulated and controlled with consummate ease, for when properly handled it is self-repairing as well as self-moving, and requires no bungling attempts at improvement on the part of its possessor. All that Nature demands—and with no uncertain voice—is that the owner of this wonderful piece of mechanism should use it intelligently.—"New Light on Consumption," by ARTHUR LOVELL.



## SIDELIGHTS.

We learn that the meeting held in Eastbourne on Tuesday, the 19th inst., with a view to the establishment of a Spiritualistic Society there, took place under most favourable auspices. Mrs. Cannock was the speaker and clairvoyante. Dr. Grigge, of Brighton, took the chair, and the promoters of the meeting were supported by the presence of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, who generously contributed to the funds. It is hoped that residents of Eastbourne and the neighbourhood who are interested in the subject will vigorously support the effort to create another centre of spiritual usefulness.

"The Haggadah," by Henri M. Léon, M.A., LL.D., &c., is a record in pamphlet form of a lecture delivered in January this year before the Société Internationale de Philologie, Sciences et Beaux-Arts, London. The Haggadah, it may be explained, is a collection of stories, fables and legendary tales based upon the ethical, poetical, prophetic and historical elements of the Bible. These stories are distinctly Oriental in style and they have deeply permeated certain forms of Jewish literature. There is no pretension to authority; the Haggadah simply elaborates the Biblical incidents into a thousand and one themes, drawing from the most ordinary occurrence a wealth of wisdom and sage counsel. The pamphlet may be obtained of the society at 39, Upper Bedford-place, W.C.

A curious story of the power of charms and amulets is attributed to Lady Violet Greville. It concerns a lady who had a little Japanese charm given to her. Every time she wore it some mischance happened and she generally fell ill. Her son was at first disposed to smile at the idea as a superstition, but was at length tempted to prove the matter in a practical way. He took the jewel to a museum expert learned in Japanese lore, and asked to be told what the charm represented. He was informed that it was the emblem of sickness! We are left to infer that the jewel which brought sickness on the healthy had the homœopathic quality of curing those who were really sick.

Two correspondents, both of them French ladies, send us independently accounts of experiences in the supernatural. The first relates to messages of a characteristic and curiously significant character, received through the table and by impressional writing, in reply to questions, and affords another instance of the way in which spirit communicators emphasise the necessity of cheerfulness and the inhibiting effect of gloom and depression. In one case it was written, "Ton découragement fait des ombres; sois lumière!" ("Your discouragement casts shadows; be bright!") The second account is concerned with visions of flowers. Our correspondent narrates that she woke one night, with the electric light still on, to see a beautiful basket of flowers suspended at the foot of the bed. She connected the vision with a sister who had passed away some months before, and to whom, during her illness, she used every day to bring flowers. Her sister had herself one night a vision of a branch of apple blossom to which other branches were added till a complete tree was formed. The invalid, however, did not accept the idea of a future life and our correspondent has reason to think that the vision of flowers was the method adopted by her sister to convey the message that she now knew the truth.

Elsa Barker's remarkable books, "Letters of a Living Dead Man" and "War Letters of a Living Dead Man," continue to excite interest regarding the individual from whom the letters are said to have emanated, viz., the late Judge Patterson Hatch, of Los Angeles. From an account which appeared in the "Occult Review" some months ago, he was evidently a man of strong character. For about seven years he served as a judge in the Superior Court of Santa Barbara County, near that of Los Angeles in Southern California, and then resigned his judgeship to practise law in Los Angeles. The writer of the article, an old friend who succeeded to the judge's legal practice, describes him as a lawyer who "did not practise law with his nose pressed down between the covers of his book," but "looked out over its pages squarely into the face of Justice." His clients were of the kind he had "grappled to his soul with hooks of steel." Beneath an outward calm his friend believed that Hatch concealed an intense nervousness, held in check by an iron will. One of the most uncomplaining of men himself, few men were more approachable by friendship in distress. "He had contempt for the pretensions of creed, disliked talkativeness, despised hypocrisy, pitied liars, and hated nobody." His works on the philosophy of Hermetics, and his "Scientific Occultism," were widely welcomed by students in that line of thought.

Mr. Arthur Lovell's theory of the causes of consumption and of the best method of dealing with it, as outlined in his letter in *LIGHT*, is meeting with much acceptance in distinguished circles. A letter from him on the subject appeared in the "Saturday Review" on the 16th inst.

In response to the inquiries of those who wish to know more of Mr. Edgar Lee, whose name and whose psychic experience have been several times referred to in *LIGHT*, it may be mentioned that he was editor and proprietor of the "Encore," the theatrical paper, and was also the first editor of "St. Stephen's Review." He was also connected with the "Financial News," and (of this we are not quite sure) with the old-time comic journal, "Funny Folks." He passed away in December, 1908, as mentioned in the remarkable story of his vision-experience given in these columns some months ago.

Quoting from a book entitled "An Englishman's Farewell to his Church" the statement that "the least inquiring artisan in the towns . . . no longer believes in magic," Mr. Arthur Machen in the "Evening News" sarcastically observes: "Quite so. I forget how many astrological almanacks are published; five or six, I suppose. Who buys them? To whom do the soothsayers of the East End and the West End tell fortunes? I was looking through a list of 'motor accessories' not long ago. Among the accessories listed were 'mascots.' Mascots are charms, carried to bring good luck and avert misfortune. A whole regiment was presented with these talismans a few months ago. And the 'least inquiring artisan' no longer believes in magic!"

## A SOUTH AFRICAN ON THE WAR.

In the course of a long letter from a Transvaal correspondent, Mr. Herbert Price, he gives expression to the following views which should interest many readers:—

This is not like an old-time war. Its contingencies are so manifold, its fearsomeness so incomparable, its tragedy so inexpressibly poignant. What I feel, when I think of it, is that no words in any language will ever serve to convey what it means, has meant, and will mean to hundreds of thousands—waiting, anxious, dreading the postman's knock, the casualty lists, and even their own dreams, sick with foreboding, yet bravely facing the world with a smile. The pathos, the tragedy, the horror of it strain the heart almost to breaking point. Merely to think of it all makes me sick with a feeling to which words cannot give adequate expression. One sees it in imagination and is simply choked with emotion. What must it be to those who are immersed in the very atmosphere of the catastrophe—to whom sometimes the moan of the guns is audible—who are near enough to be affected by the tremendous waves of passion and pity, of triumph and despair, which have their origin in cyclonic attacks, in stubborn defences, in the hospitals, on the stricken fields, in all the multitudinous vicissitudes of so titanic a battle front? Yet, in spite of the evils, the unimaginable suffering, the inexpressible horror, the stark and unashamed wickedness of it, one feels that it had to come, and that only in its cauterising flames could the world have been cleansed and cured of its overgrowth of selfish materialism. Evil seems always to have been more aggressive than good, and so the time comes when it threatens destruction to the hard-won results of man's upward struggle. A climax is reached, and heaven and hell contend for the mastery. The forces which "make for righteousness" are sore put to it; but the struggle itself, whatever the immediate result may be, leads always to an ultimate gain on the upward path. Whatever happens,

"God's in His heaven,  
All's right with the world."

And those other verses from "Rabbi Ben Ezra" have a like comfort:—

"Then welcome each rebuff  
That turns earth's smoothness rough;  
Each sting that bids nor sit, nor stand, but go.  
Be our joys three parts pain!  
Strive, nor hold cheap the strain:  
Learn, nor account the pang; dare, never grudge the throes."

But we are such poor nerves of God! We inhibit His will until it becomes an agony. Then we are forced to fulfil it in such catastrophes as this war. His travail becomes, in a more immediate and terrible sense, ours. We realise—some of us—that the universe is indeed a unity, and that we cannot move a feather without influencing a star!

Mr. Price is the author of "Poems and Sonnets," a volume of verse of singularly high quality.